

L.W. Tiger



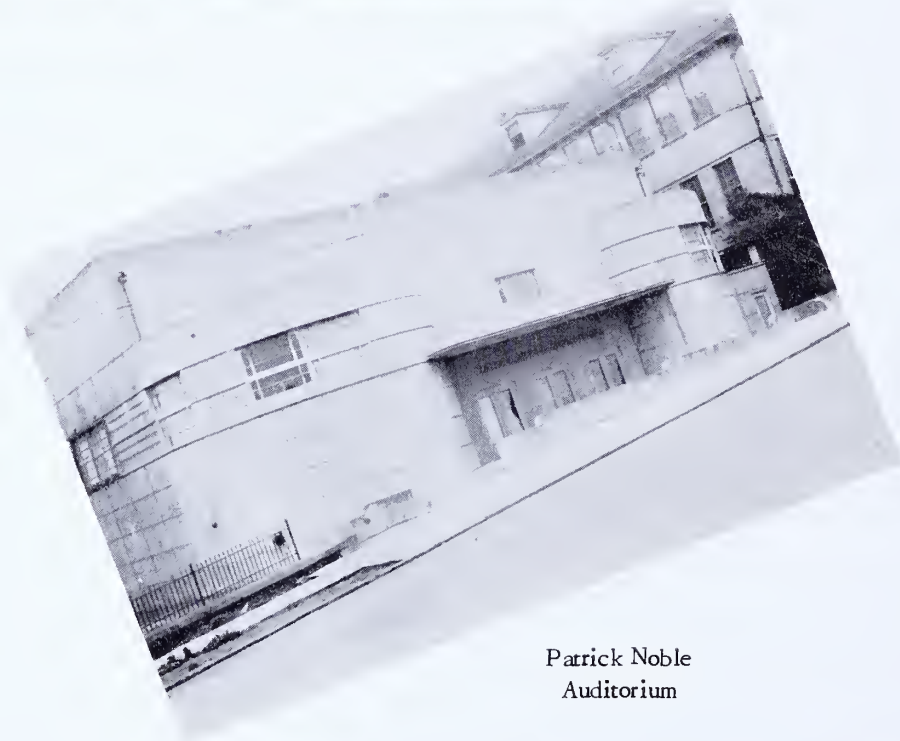


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Lick-Wilmerding
as seen from the
New James Lick
Freeway.



Patrick Noble
Auditorium

Frederick B. Ginn House



L. W. Tiger

A Publication
Of The Students
Of

*Lick-Wilmerding
School*

San Francisco · California

The California School of Mechanical Arts
The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts



PAUL LATHAM BERLIN

Dedication

We, the Student Body of Lick Wilmerding, take great pride in dedicating this Yearbook to Mr. Paul L. Berlin.

Mr. Berlin is both friend and instructor to every member of his classes. His high quality of instruction, as well as his comical remarks, has made him one of the best liked teachers in the entire school.

So we have chosen this, the dedication of the Yearbook, as a means of showing our gratitude for all of his efforts in our behalf.



ARTHUR W. WYNNE

Turn To The Right

The Director's Message to 1951 X and 1952 J Classes

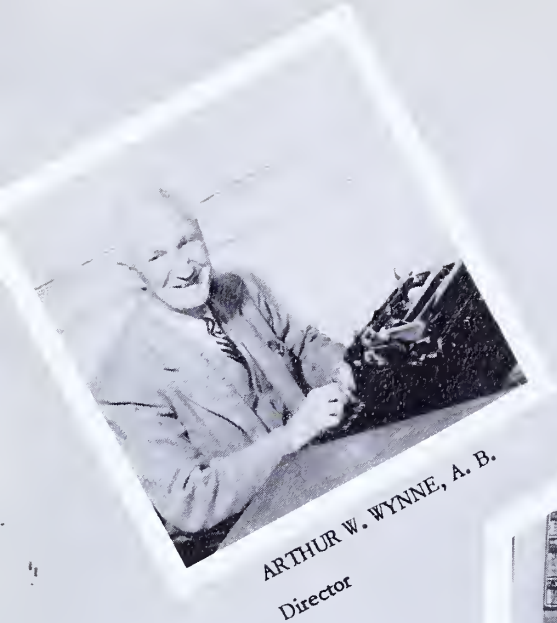
Those who graduate from Lick-Wilmerding this year receive their diplomas in a national atmosphere redolent with the foul odor of mink coats, West Point cribbing, and income tax scandals. There is an apparent breakdown in the high moral standards that have guided American private and public lives. As these sinister influences can but leave a disturbing imprint on the impressionable minds of adolescence, we who speak from experience have a duty to proclaim that character, honesty and reliability continue to pay off both in dollars and sense.

Integrity is still the priceless jewel in the golden crown of character, and conscience the only judge capable of rendering decisions of unfailing justice. As a people we must awaken to a higher spirituality; as a nation we must replace the false philosophy of the temporary Gods of Mammon with the inspiring ideals of the everlasting Redeemer.

The crime is not in getting caught; the maxim that honesty is the best policy is neither "corn" nor eye-wash. True and permanent achievement and happiness are built on the solid foundation of integrity. Our Young graduates must take stock of their moral code, must carry forth into their future lives the precepts taught at Lick-Wilmerding.

And now that you have come to the crossroads, where the turn to the right will lead you on to a new and better world, your director reaches forth his hand to bid you all "Hail and Farewell."

Arthur W. Wynne, Director



ARTHUR W. WYNNE, A. B.
Director



JOSSEPH A. PIVERNETZ, A. B., M. A.
World History, U. S. History, Civics



RALPH H. BRITTON, B. A.
Physics, Trigonometry, Algebra



SYDNEY A. TIBBETTS, B. S.
Chemistry



BILL F. JONES, B. S.
Electricity

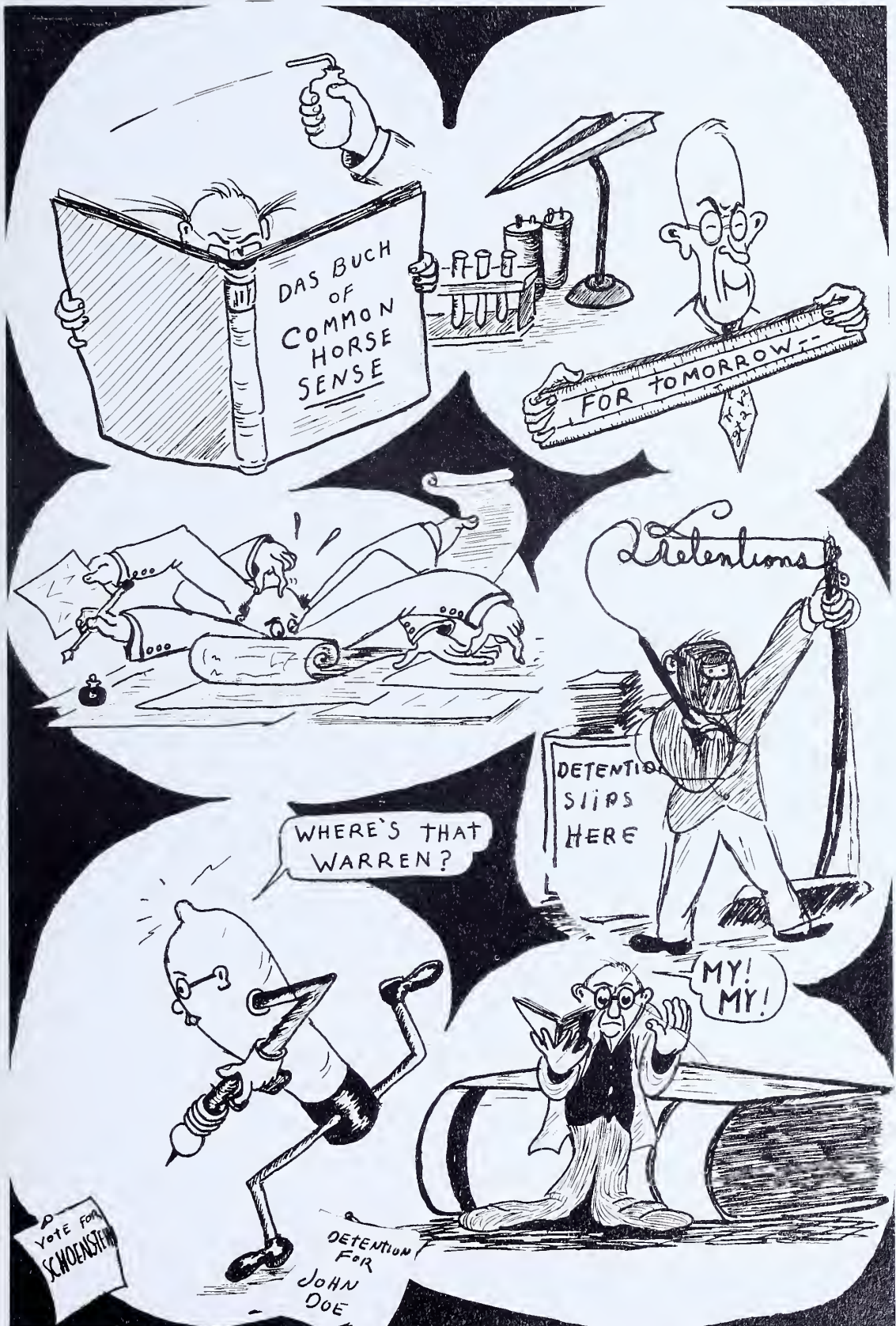
Faculty



CHARLES L. SLEEPER, A. B., B. S.
Mechanical Drawing



ROBERT W. PRATT
Sheet Metal, Welding





IDA B. PATTERSON
Registrar



LYDIA P. STEWART, A. B.
English



PAUL L. BERLIN, B. S.

Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry

JOHANNES THOMSEN

Machine Shop

ELWOOD B. QUICK, B. A.

English, Spanish



ELMER S. SPARROWE

Woodshop



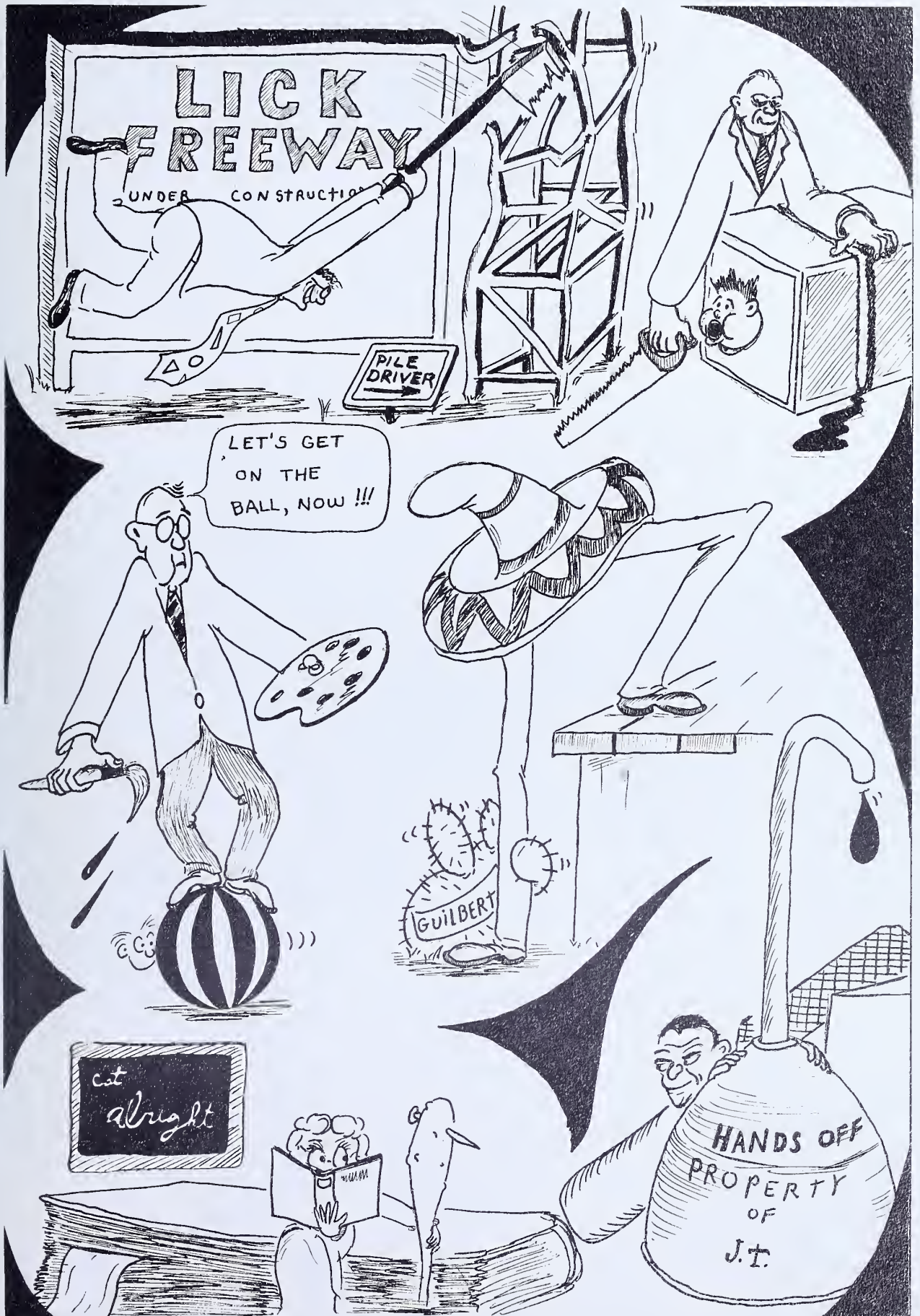
HENRY J. STUTTERD, B. S.

Architectural Drawing, Surveying



Faculty





Lick's Kicks

Quick is never late to school,
Britton never forgets "tomorrow,"
Sleeper identifies feathered friends,
Pratt is the broom-pusher's greatest sorrow.

Thomsen insists on a squared-up block,
Stutterd objects to a misplaced shade,
Tibbetts believes in the practical side,
Wynne lets fly if you flub a grade.

Berlin and Stewart delight in tests,
Sparrowe's arithmetic runs to board feet,
Jones waves a slide rule in his hand,
Pivernetz doesn't throw things in the street.

We students must be pretty good,
If we get past tough eggs like these,
And then go out and on the job,
Turn up with A's instead of C's.

—George Hersh

'52-J

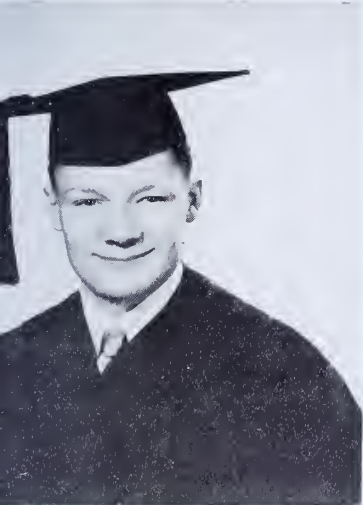


FLORENCE AMORSEN

College Preparatory Major
Student Body Secretary
Student Body Vice-President
Class Officer
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Drama Class
Tiger Staff, Cub Staff
Script Block

Graduates

Class of 51-X



ALAN BEST

Polytechnic Major
Dance Committee



GEORGE DODSWORTH

Chemistry Major

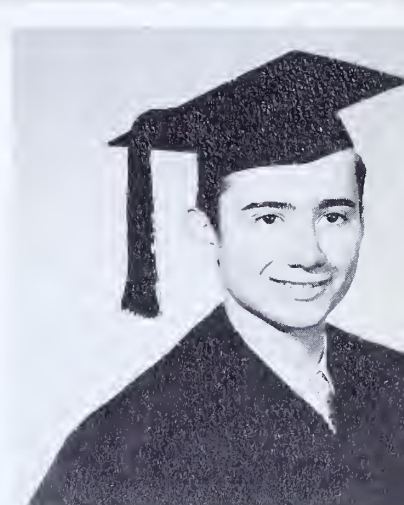


CHARLES GREEN

Polytechnic Major

BRIAN GUILBERT

College Preparatory Major
Board of Control
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Tiger Staff
Sports
Script Block



JOSEPH KLEIN

Sheet Metal Major
Sports
Board of Control
Class Officer



NICK MALMAN

Electricity Major

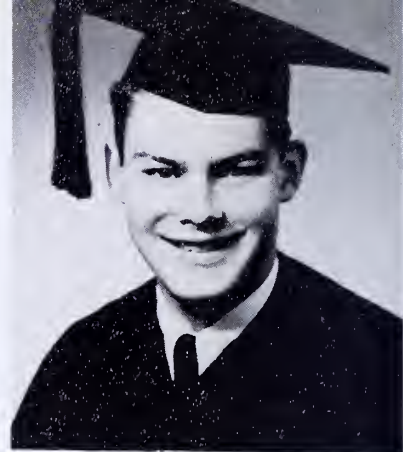


Graduates

Class of 51-X

PATRICK QUINN

Chemistry Major



WILLIAM SCARABOSIO

Architectural Drawing Major
Class Officer
Board of Control



RICHARD McKUSICK

Polytechnic Major



MAX VELLA

Machine Shop Major
Class Officer
Sports Mgr.
Baseball



ROGER MERKH

Electricity Major



ROBERT WHEELER

Polytechnic Major
Class Officer
Board of Control
Drama Class
Rally Committee



FRED NIELSON

Polytechnic Major

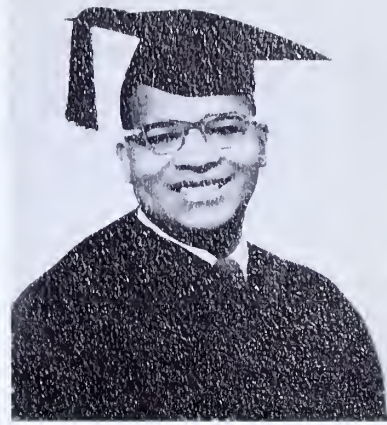




BEN WHITE
Surveying Major

DONN GRAVES

Architectural Drawing Major
Junior College
Board of Control
Class Officer
Rally Committee
Script Block
Honor Roll
Tiger Staff



Class of 52-9

Graduates



DAVID BATTON
Wood Shop Major
Class Officer

ASHLEY EMERY

College Preparatory Major
Honor Roll
Board of Control
Rally Committee
Cub Staff, Tiger Staff
Script Block



DAVID BREEN
College Preparatory Major
Honor Roll
Tiger Staff
Cub Staff

RICHARD FALTERSACK

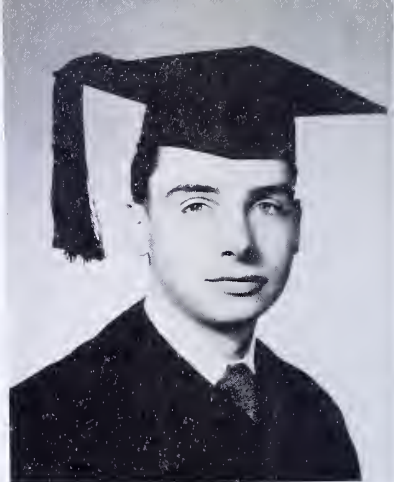
Machine Shop Major
Class President
Dance Committee



Graduates

PAUL GLIEBE

College Preparatory Major
Drama
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Script Block
Class Officer
Board of Control
Tiger Staff
Honor Roll
Cub Staff



RICHARD FERRONATO

Wood Shop Major
Class President
Sports



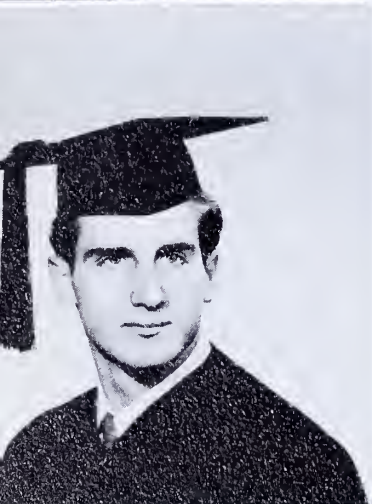
PAUL GUMBINGER

College Preparatory Major
Class Officer
Rally Committee
Dance Committee



DONALD GERIGK

Machine Shop Major
Board of Control
Dance Committee



SALLY HEIDE

Chemistry Major
Class Officer
Script Block
Rally Committee
Dance Committee



ALFRED GHIORZI

Chemistry Major
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Class Officer
Student Body President
Sports
Board of Control
Script Block
Block L. W.



GEORGE HERSH

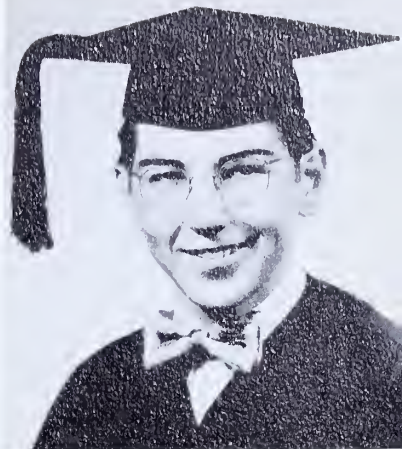
College Preparatory Major
Class Officer
Board of Control
Rally Committee
Tiger Staff
Drama
Script Block
Cub Staff



Graduates

GLEN LANUM

College Preparatory Major
Board of Control
Sports



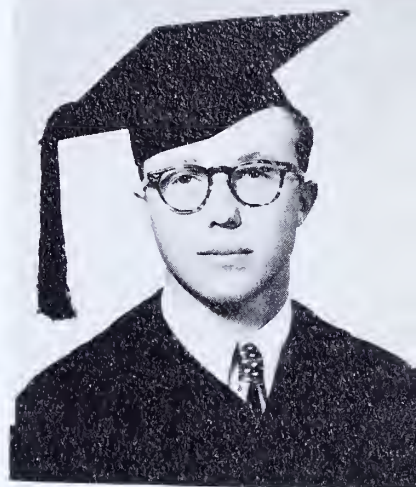
MICHAEL JEWELL

College Preparatory Major
Dance Committee
Tiger Staff
Tiger Editor
Cub Staff
Class Officer
Drama
Rally Committee



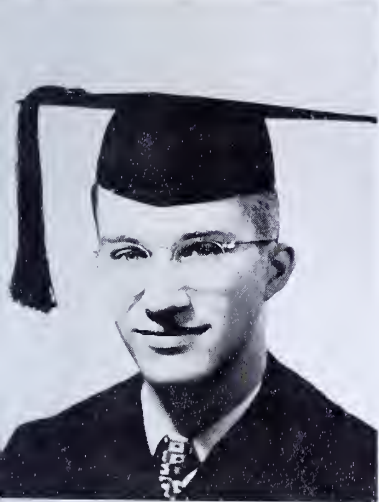
ARTHUR LUDEWIG

Sheet Metal Shop Major
Sports



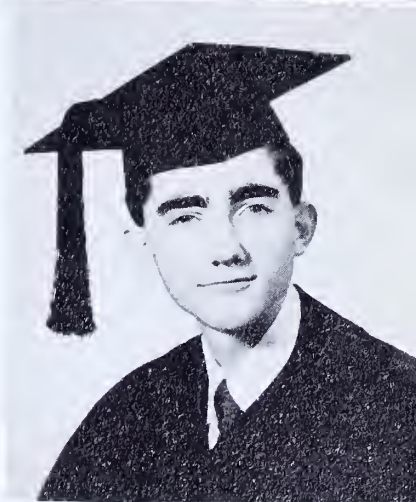
PAUL KING

College Preparatory Major
Honor Roll



DOUGLAS MURRAY

Polytechnic Major



RONALD KOENIG

College Preparatory Major
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Cub Staff, Tiger Staff
Cub Editor
Script Block
Class Officer
Board of Control
Drama
Honor Roll



DANIEL O'SULLIVAN

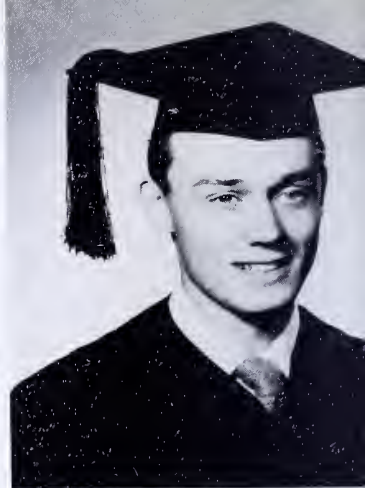
Wood Shop Major





DONALD SPERRING

Sheet Metal Shop Major
Sports



RODERIC WARD

College Preparatory Major
Honor Roll

Graduates



NORMAN STEWART

College Preparatory Major
Sports
Rally Committee



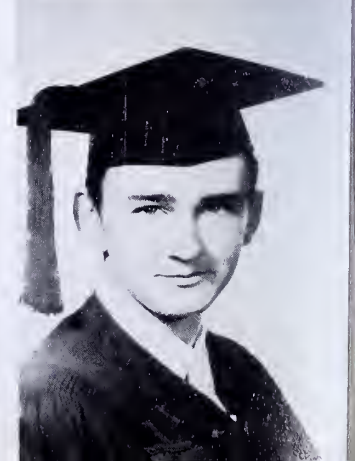
KENNETH WARREN

Electric Shop Major
Rally Committee
Dance Committee
Student Body Officer
Script Block



ORVAL TAYLOR

Wood Shop Major



EDWIN WETHERFORD

College Preparatory Major
Class Officer



Senior

DESIGNATION

Amorsen
Batton
Best
Breen
Emery
Ferronato
Faltersack
Ghiorzi
Green
Gumbinger
Guilbert
Gliebe
Gerigk
Heide
Hersh
Jewell
Koenig
King
Klein
Lanum
Ludewig
Malmon
McKusick
Murray
Merkh
Nielsen
O'Sullivan
Quinn
Scarabosio
Sperring
Stewart
Taylor
Vella
Ward
Warren
Wetherford
Wheeler
White

VARIATION

Red
Dave
Al
Brom Thymol
Ash
Rich
Faultyscooter
Fred
Charley
Gummy
Bunny
Gleebe
Don
Sal
Hershey-bar
Mickey
Ron
P. K.
Joe
Gallopig Glenn
Art
Nick
Sailor
Doug
Roge
Freddy
Danny
Pat
Scar
Don
Norm
"Orvie"
Mercury Max
Con Rod
Ken
Ed
Bob
Ben

ASSOCIATION

With Mickey
The Mercury
Electric
Chem.
Mr. Berlin
Baseball
With Don
Bob's
With Ben
With Wetherford
Women
The Organizer
With Rich
Mr. Tibbetts
With Ash
With Flo
Pencil
Mr. Berlin
Boomer
Athletics
With Wick
Mr. Britton
Tight Shoes
Draft Evader
Electric Shop
Huh
3rd Base
The Plymouth
Women
Bending Pipes
Winding Dynamos
Warren
"The Rod"
Elsewhere
Pat Noble
The Dodge
Mr. Britton
Mr. Stutterd

Scope

OCCUPATION

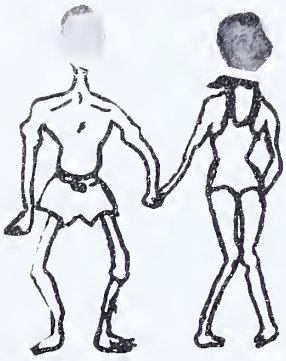
Blushing
Rapping Out
Electrician
Drawing
Good Boy
Home-Run-King
Popping Off
Loading Buick
Surveyor
Casanova
All American Boy
Orders
Machinist
Bottle Washer
Beat Ash
Tiger
Cub
Silence
Softball Star
Being an Athlete
Melting Solder
Fiend
M. D.
Wise Guy
Rough Guy
200000 Volts
Batboy
Chemist
Big Dealer
Plumber
Throwing Switches
Pushing
Shaving Heads
Smiling
Acrobat
Library
Thinking
Architect

FASCINATION

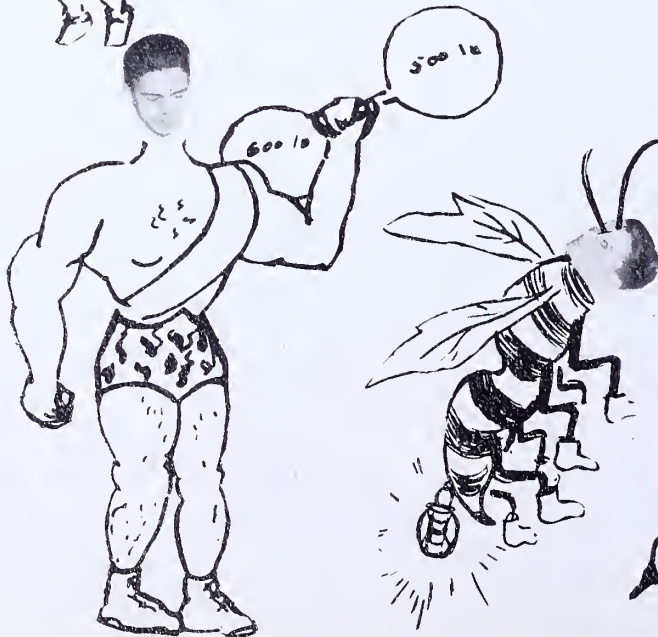
Trigonometry
Mold Jobs
Throwing Con Rods
Ghouls
Bad Boy
Hitting Homers
The Mustang
Chemistry
Algebra
Helping Ed
Straight A's
Authority
Micrometers
G. D. Esq.
Science-Fiction
Root Beer Drops
Copy
Study
Pipe Bending
Sporting Green
S. P. C. A.
Electronics
Architecture
Algebra
Being Rugged
"No Gonna Say"
Wood Shop
Mr. Tibbetts
More Women
Muscles
Electricity
Brooms
Shaving Heads
The Little Grey Cells
Wire Recorder
Smittys
Still Thinking
Architecture

DESTINATION

Big Business
Ward Heeler
Shocker
Heh - heh - heh
Mr. Wynne No. 2
Winding Baseballs
Twenty & Vun
Bottle Washer
Mathematician
Ed's Butler
Public Enemy No. 3
Tin Soldiers
Collecting Scrap
Ripe Olive Eater
Moon
Actress
City Editor
Orator
Plumber
Athlete's Foot
Wick's Successor
Fuse Blower
Pencil Sharpener
Grease Monkey
College
The President
Sawdust
Traffic Tickets
Public Enemy No. 2
Muscle Bound
Breaking Tubes
Executive
Barber
Kindergarten
Nobel Prize
Physicist
Thoughtless
Riveter



Batting Beauties



AMORSEN: I, Florence Amorsen, will my deep blushes to an unnamed math teacher.

BEST: I, Al Best, leave all my exhausted tubes to Mr. Jones.

DODSWORTH: I, George Dodsworth, will a sack of ripe olives and a German-English Dictionary to Ralph Tiegel.

GREEN: I, Charles Green, will my keen eye for surveying to Mr. Stutterd.

GUILBERT: I, Brian Guilbert, leave my unobtrusive nature and studious attitude to Mrs. Stewart to use as an example.

KLEIN: I, Joe Klein, leave my tremendous batting power and fielding ability to Joe Sangiacomo.

MALMAN: I, Nick Malman, bequeath my theories to Mr. Jones.

NIELSEN: I, Fred Nielsen, bequeath my pet megaphone to Mr. Berlin so that he will not have to strain his magnificent speaking voice.

QUINN: I, Pat Quinn, leave the class of Chemistry 1A a perpetual generator of H_2S gas.

SCARABOSIO: I, William Scarabosio, leave Mr. Stutterd all the Ammonia I have inhaled in his blueprint rooms for the past three years.

VELLA: I, Max Vella, will one old transmission with a missing second gear to Mr. Thomsen.

WHEELER: I, Robert Wheeler, leave my talent and good looks to Mr. R. H. Britton.

SENIOR WILLS

'52 - J

BATTON: I, David Barton, will my dual pipes to Elwood.

BREEN: I, David Breen, will my experiments to some novice.

EMERY: I, Ashley Emery, will my briefcase to Mr. Quick.

FALTERSACK: I, Richard Faltersack, will my levis to a washing machine.

FERRONATO: I, Richard Ferronato, will my abundant baseball abilities to Joe Di Maggio.

GERIGK: I, Donald Gerigk, will my meek unassuming personality to Stitch.

GHIORZI: I, Fred Ghiorzi, will a buret with a chipped tip to the third drawer.

GLIEBE: I, Paul Gliebe, bequeath my successful reducing diet to Gary Orton.

GUMBINGER: I, Paul Gumbinger, will my Spanish notebooks to Frank Chiapella.

HEIDE: I, Sally Heide, will my profound philosophies on life, moralities, future, past, and Science-Fiction to anyone who listens.

HERSH: I, George Hersh, leave six shares of stock in the Tiger to Mr. Wynne.

JEWELL: I, Mickey Jewell, bequeath one new typewriter ribbon to Bill Struthers.

KOENIG: I, Ron Koenig, will one red pencil to Mrs. Stewart.

KING: I, Paul King, will my rough disposition and poor grades to Ralph Tiegel.

LANUM: I, Glen Lanum, leave a worn out pair of tennis shoes and tremendous athletic enthusiasm to Ralph Pannelli.

O'SULLIVAN: I, Daniel O'Sullivan, will my hammer to Mr. Sparrowe.

LUDEWIG: I, Art Ludewig, will Mr. Pratt's car back to him.

MURRAY: I, Doug Murray, will my full race chopped and channeled Ford to Mr. Berlin's son.

SPERRING: I, Don Sperring, will my broom to Mr. Pratt. He may do as he sees fit with it.

STEWART: I, Norman Stewart, will my beginner's slide rule to Mr. Britton.

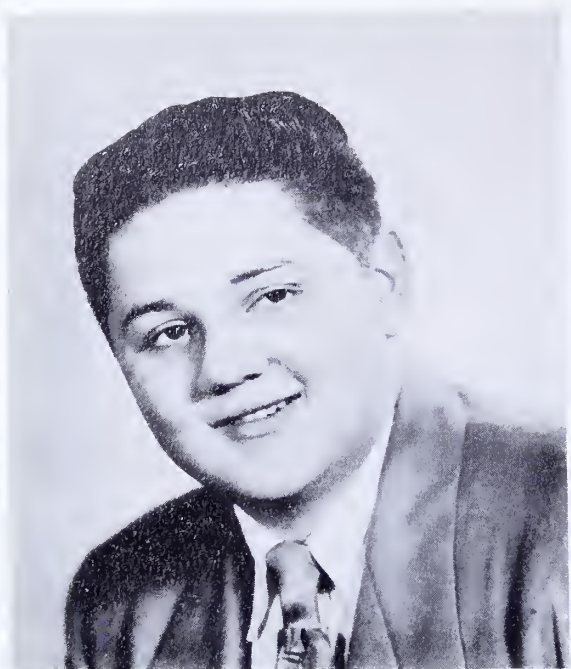
TAYLOR: I, Orval Taylor, leave my rowdy and ruffian ways to Warren Miller.

WARD: I, Roderic Ward, will my Chrysler limousine, corn nuts, and architectural drawing desk to Gerald Mullen.

WARREN: I, Ken Warren, leave my trapeze to the monkeys at Fleishacker.

WETHERFORD: I, Ed Wetherford, will my unused cars to Mr. Berlin.





ALFRED GHIORZI

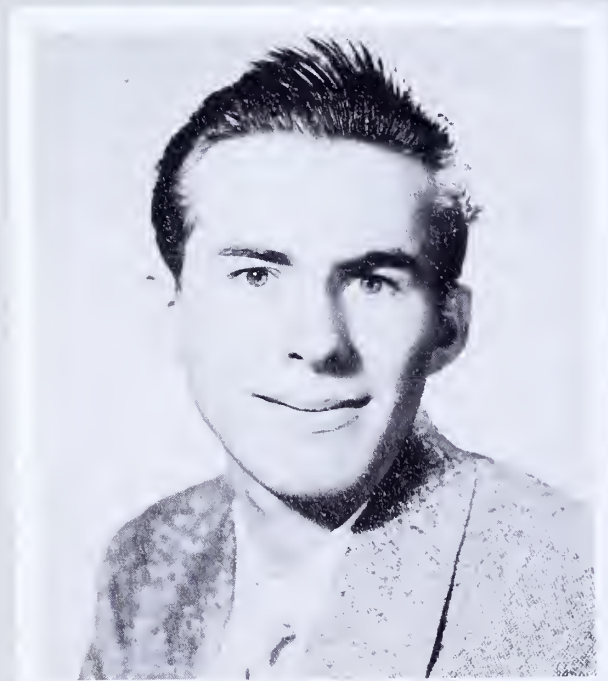
President



FLORENCE AMORSEN

Vice-President

Fall Officers



NICK MALMAN

Secretary - Treasurer

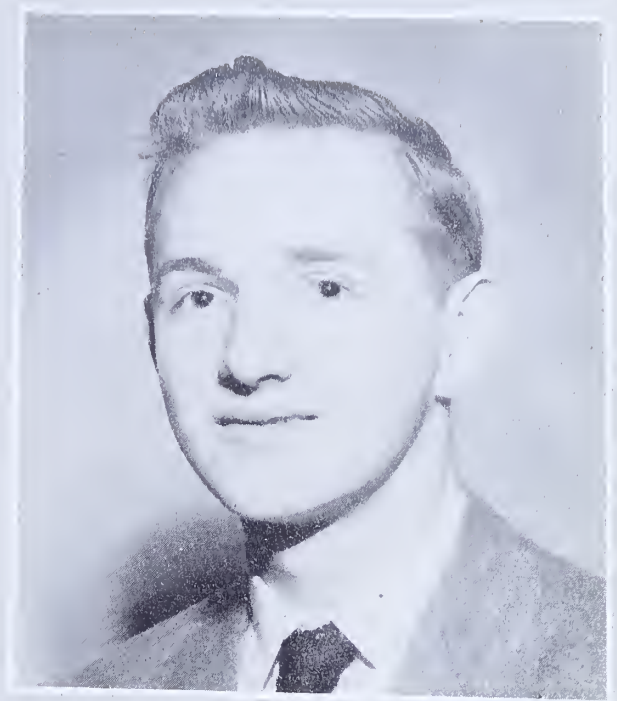


MAX VELLA

Sports Manager



THOMAS SHARMAN
Vice-President

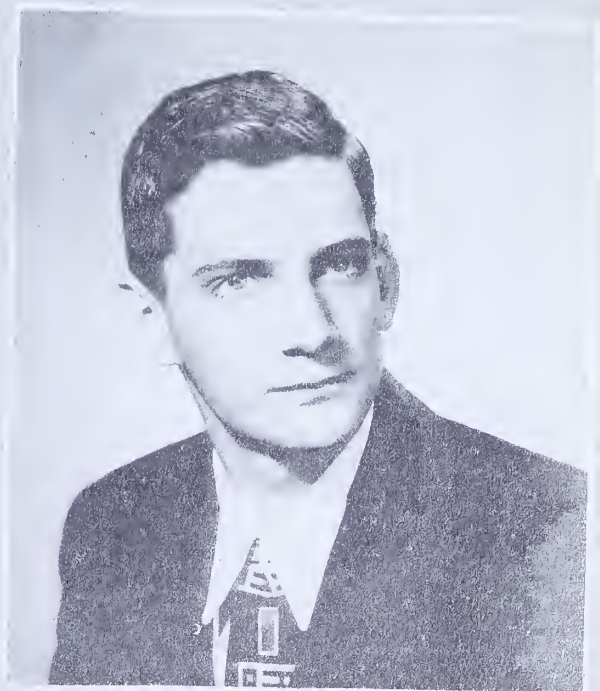


EDWARD SCHOENSTEIN
President

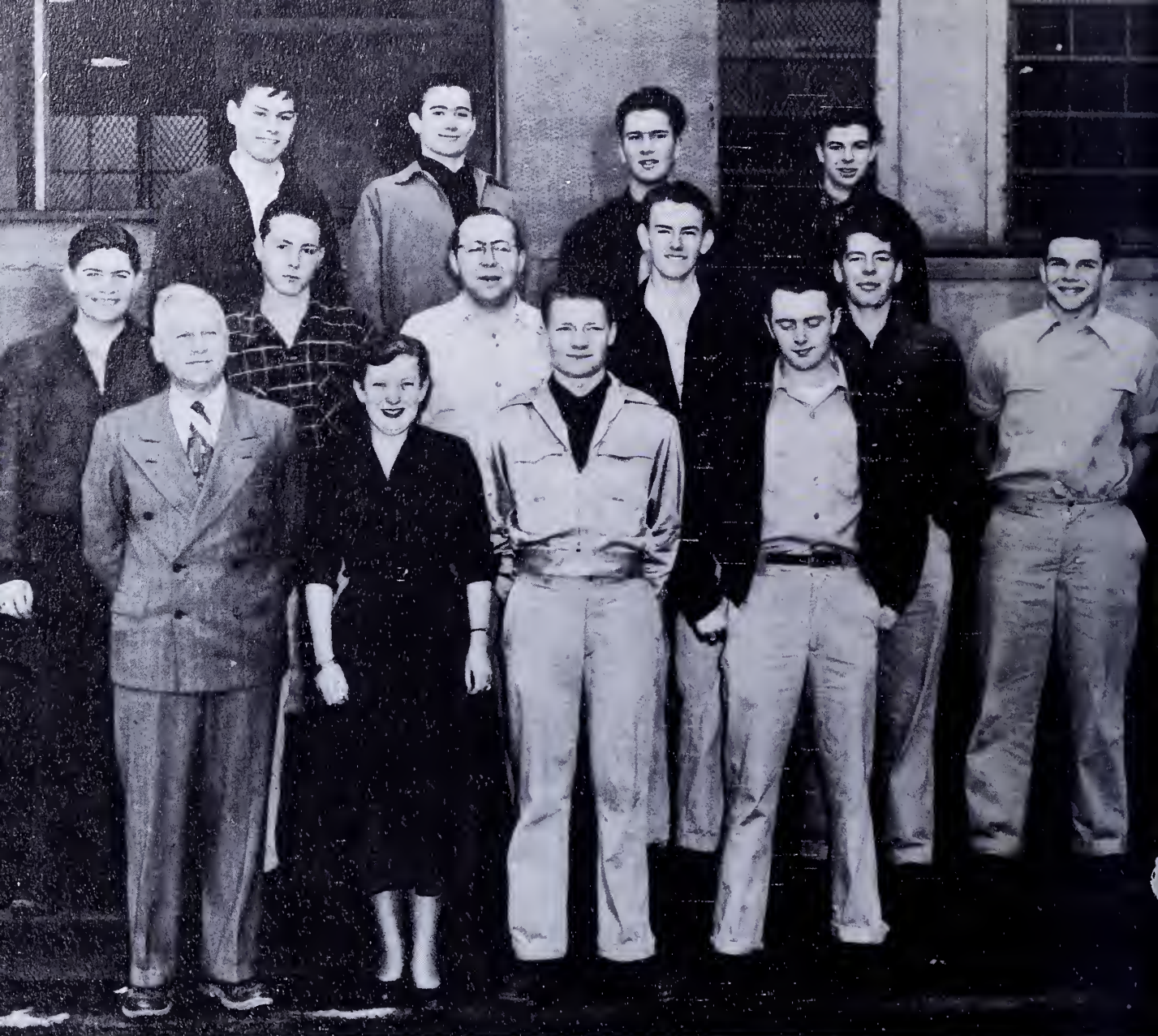
Spring Officers



PAUL PINA
Sports Manager



KEN WARREN
Secretary-Treasurer



Class of 51-X

First row, left to right: Mr. Sparrowe, F. Amorsen, A. Best, P. Quinn.

Second row: R. McKusick, J. Klien, G. Dodsworth, B. White, C. Green, M. Vella.

Third row: R. Wheeler, B. Guilbert, W. Scarabosio, R. Merkh.



Class of 52-9

First row, left to right Mr. Thomsen, M. Jewell, S. Heide, P. Gliebe.

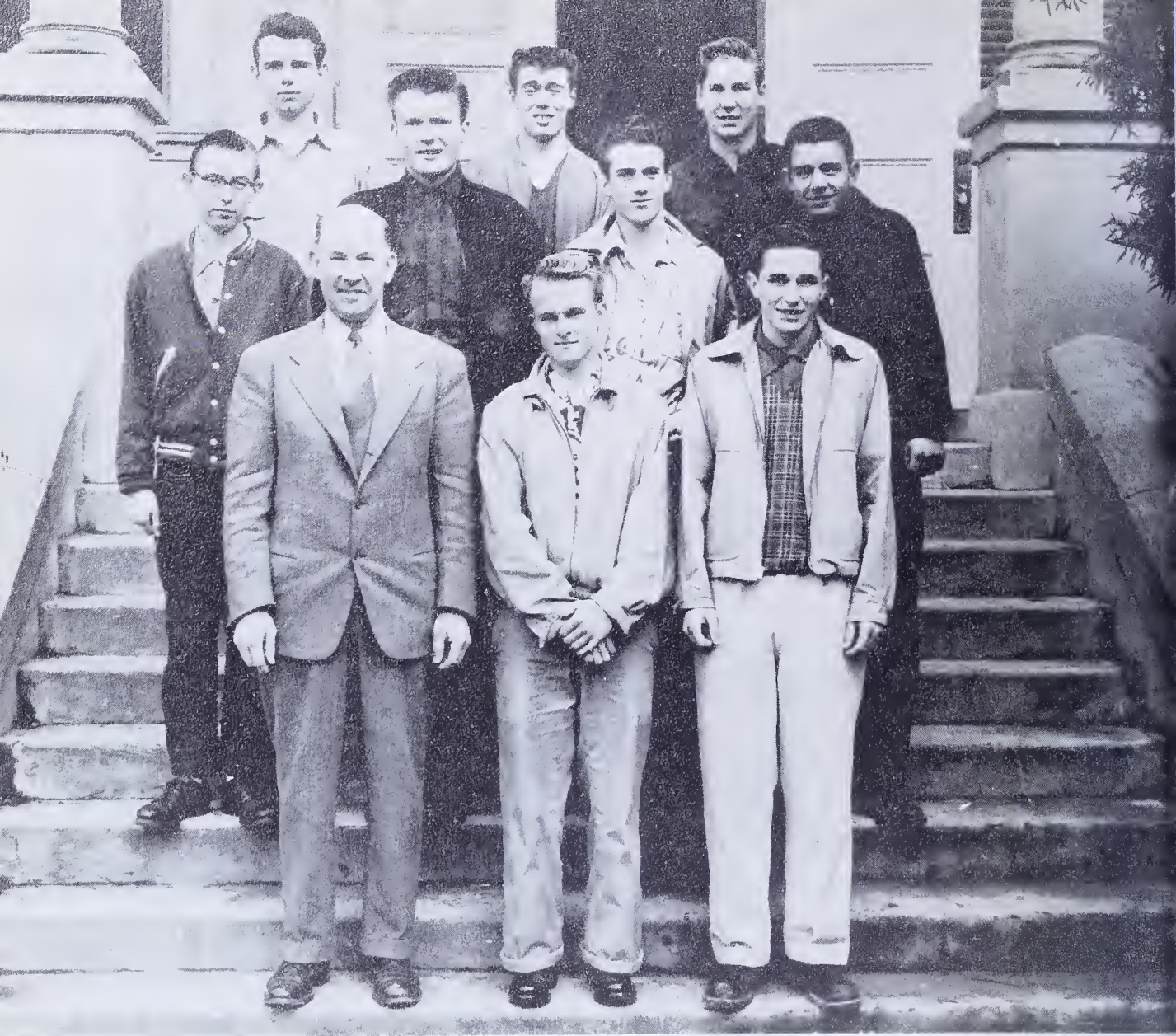
Second row: K. Warren, P. King, A. Ludewig, D. Sperring.

Third row: N. Stewart, D. Murray, B. Wells, E. Wetherford, O. Taylor.

Fourth row: D. Batton, R. Koenig, G. Lanum, R. Ward, G. Hersh.

Fifth row: D. Durrigan, R. Ferronato, R. Faltersack, D. Gerigk.

Sixth row: D. O'Sullivan, A. Ghiorzi, P. Gumbinger, A. Emery, D. Breen.

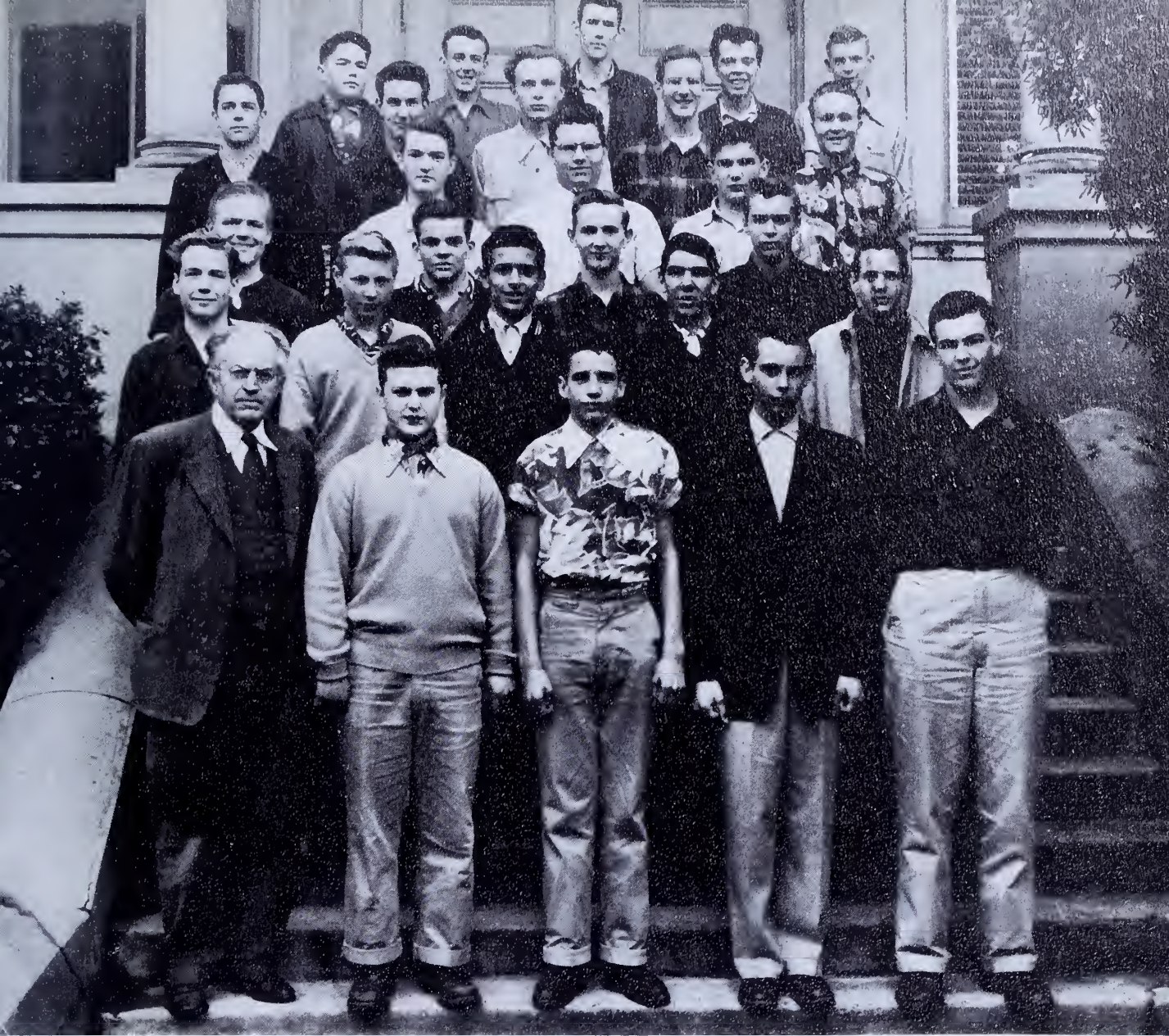


Class of 52-X

First row, left to right: Mr. Sleeper, E. Hotting, F. Chiapella.

Second row: G. McShea, J. Walz, M. Guyton, J. Cavallero.

Third row: R. Dolan, D. Caimotto, R. Koehl.



Class of 53-7

First row, left to right: Mr. Tibbetts, A. Morando, J. Sans, B. Ruffner, G. Orton.

Second row: R. Shepard, T. Sharman, P. Pina, R. Panelli, J. Walsh

Third row: R. Tiegal, J. Hale, E. Schoenstein, D. Belew.

Fourth row: W. Huntington, D. Gustafson, P. Browning.

Fifth row: G. Browne, A. Richterman, A. Kovaloff, H. Koenig, J. Clark.

Sixth row: W. Struthers, B. Young, B. Shearn, F. Beatty, T. Fullam.



Class of 53-X

First row, left to right: R. Arras, L. Stewart, J. Best.

Second row: R. Keil, D. McDougal, W. Miller.

Third row: M. Giroux, P. Fetta.

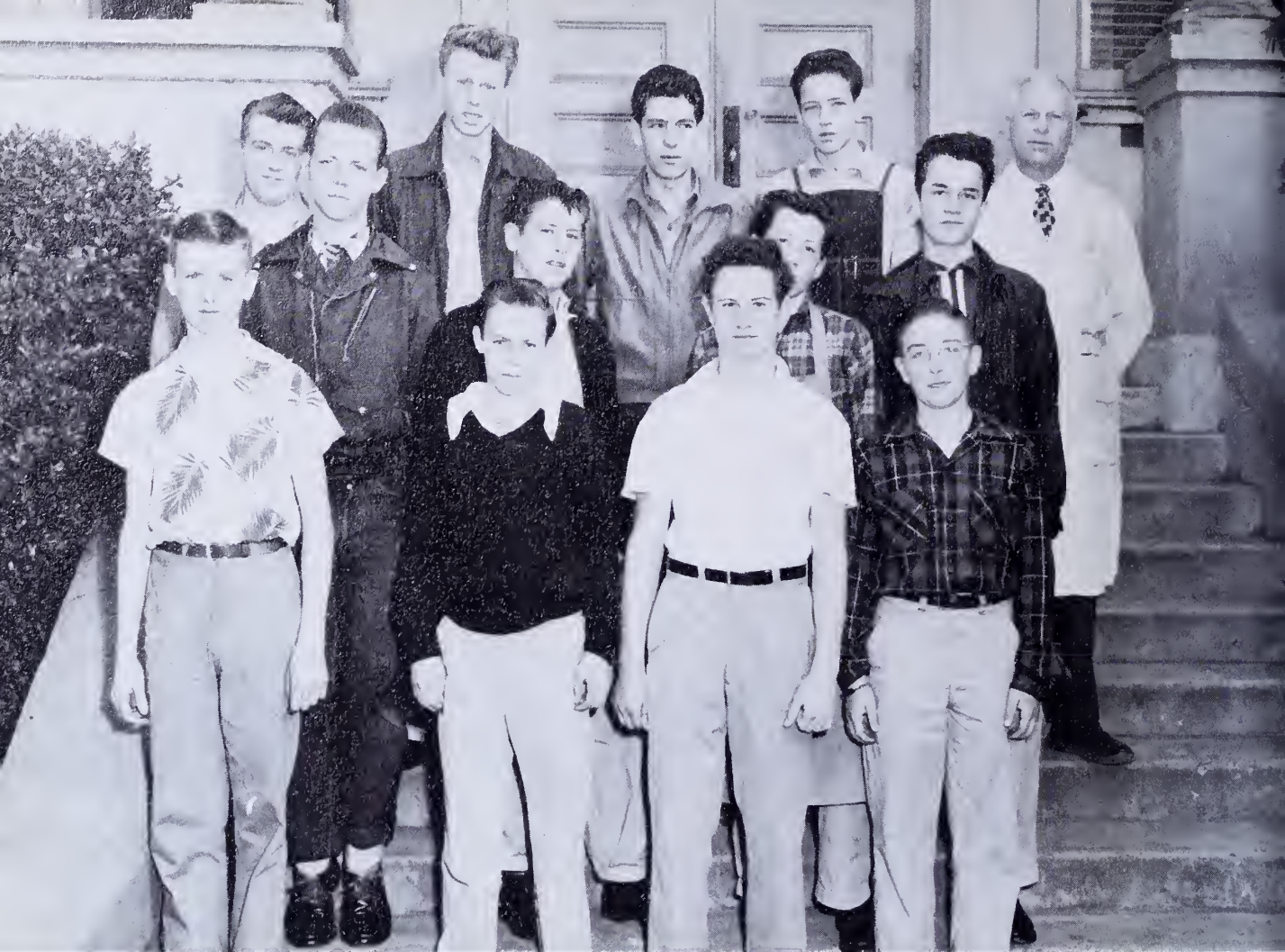


Class of 54-J

First row, left to right: R. Kimberlin, N. Nielsen, D. Yerby, Mr. R. Britton, G. Aymeric, S. Pudlo, J. Bagnani.

Second row: R. Mikelson, C. Manning, J. Sangiacomo, G. Mullen, G. LeRose, S. McKean, M. Howell.

Third row: T. O'Connor, R. Maes, B. Sanger, W. Roberts, K. McDonald, R. Wilde, E. Snider.



Class of 55-J

First row, left to right: Mr. Pratt, F. Jones, W. Sanger, C. O'Rourke, V. Reiger.

Second row: P. Lahey, K. Peery, C. Gordon, J. Stitch, J. Bills.

Third row: J. Mullan, R. Sanger, B. Huber, R. Doyle, J. Uniack, G. Weber.



Class of 55-X

First row, left to right: J. Luccas, D. Decker, H. Guzman, R. Liddell.

Second row: J. Oxford, G. Schooly, E. Sobaranes, T. Kennedy.

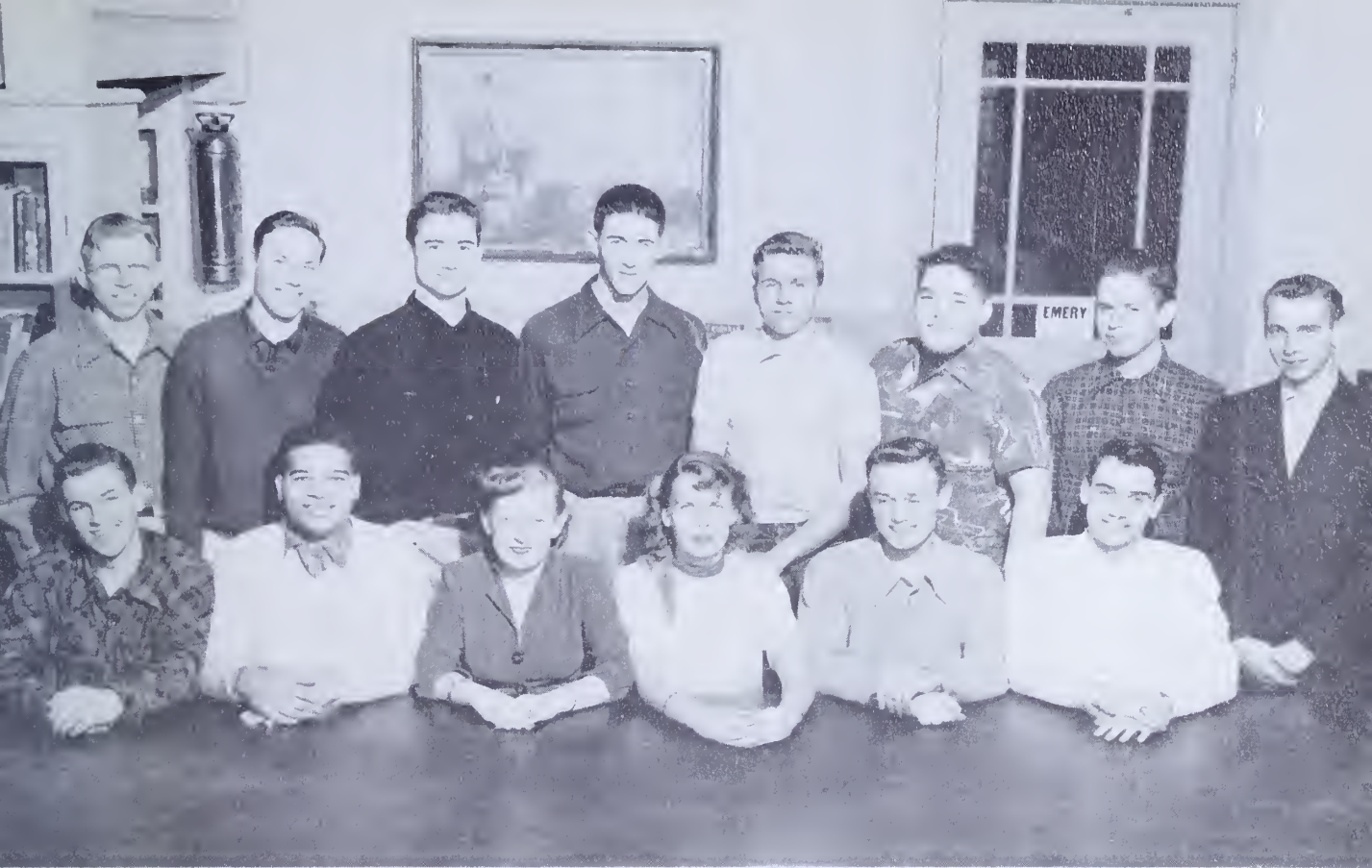
Third row: G. Troy, D. Butcher, C. Miller, W. Asher.



Junior College

First row, left to right: W. Leung, H. Lee, B. Myers, J. Cerquettini.

Second row: D. Graves, J. Winslow, E. Burner, N. Whyte.



The Tiger Staff

First row, left to right: G. Orton, D. Graves, F. Amorsen, M. Jewell, R. Ward, P. Gliebe.

Second row: B. Myers, R. Koenig, B. Guilbert, D. Breen, A. Emery, B. Struthers, G. Hersh, B. Ruffner.



Fall Cub Staff

First row, left to right: P. Berlin, D. Graves, F. Amorsen, B. Struthers, R. Koenig, L. Stewart.

Second row: M. Jewell, B. Guilbert, D. Breen, P. Gliebe.

Spring Cub Staff

First row, left to right: W. Miller, D. Graves, M. Jewell.

Second row: R. Koenig, B. Myers, P. Gliebe, R. Panelli.

Not shown: B. Struthers.



Fall Drama Class



First row, left to right: B. Wheeler, M. Jewell, G. Hersh.

Second row: R. Koenig, D. Graves, F. Amorsen, G. Browne, P. Gliebe, G. Orton.

Third row: K. Warren, G. Mullen, J. Clark, R. Shepard, B. Struthers, L. Stewart, Instructor.

Spring Drama Class

First row, left to right: P. Gliebe, G. Hersh.

Second row: F. Amorsen, M. Jewell, L. Stewart.

Third row: R. Koenig, R. Shepard, J. Clark, G. Browne, D. Graves, G. Mullen, K. Mullen.

Not shown: W. Struthers.



1. F. Amorsen
2. G. Browne
3. J. Clark
4. A. Ghiorzi
5. P. Gliebe
6. D. Graves
7. S. Heide
8. G. Hersh
9. M. Jewell
10. R. Koenig
11. B. Myers
12. G. Orton
13. B. Ruffner
14. R. Shepard
15. B. Struthers
16. K. Warren



Fall Rally Committee

Spring Rally Committee

First row, left to right: E. Schoenstein, D. MacDougall, G. Orton, T. Sharman, W. Miller, R. Koenig.

Second row: G. Mullen, G. Browne, D. Graves, R. Panelli, J. Sans, H. Koenig, B. Guilbert.

Third row: P. Gumbinger, R. Shepard, B. Myers, K. Warren, J. Clark, R. Ward, A. Emery.





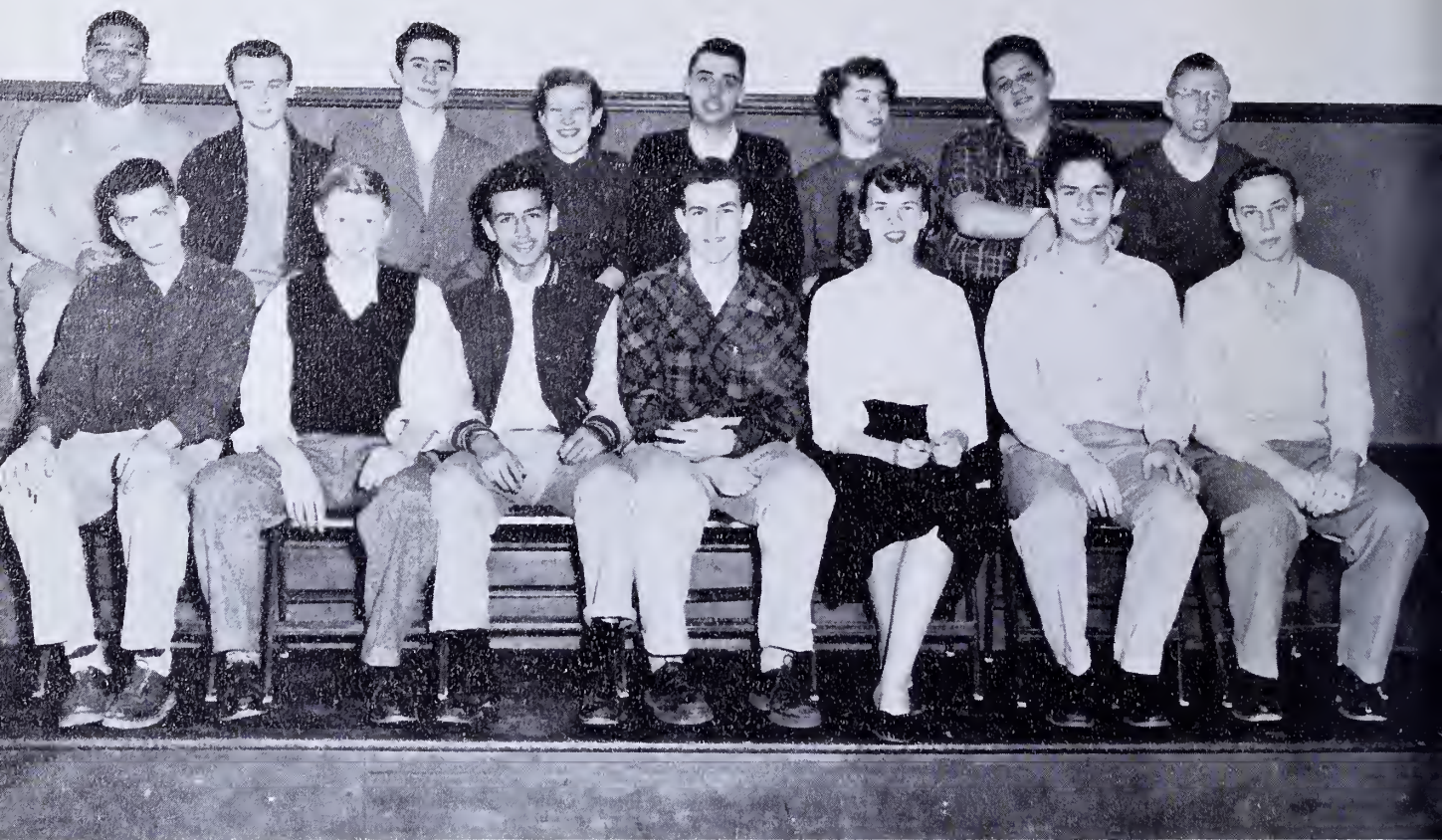
Fall Dance Committee

First row, left to right: K. Warren, D. Graves, N. Stewart, M. Jewell, A. Best, R. Ward, S. Heide, P. Gliebe.
Second row: R. Koenig, F. Amorsen, W. Struthers.

Spring Dance Committee

First row, left to right: J. Hale, T. Sharman, R. Panelli, P. Pina, J. Sans, E. Schoenstein, B. Guilbert.
Second row: D. Yerby, A. Morando, D. Graves, W. Miller, R. Koenig, K. Warren.
Third row: G. Browne, R. Shepard, R. Ward, P. Gumbinger, D. Murray, P. Gliebe, B. Myers.
Not shown: W. Struthers.



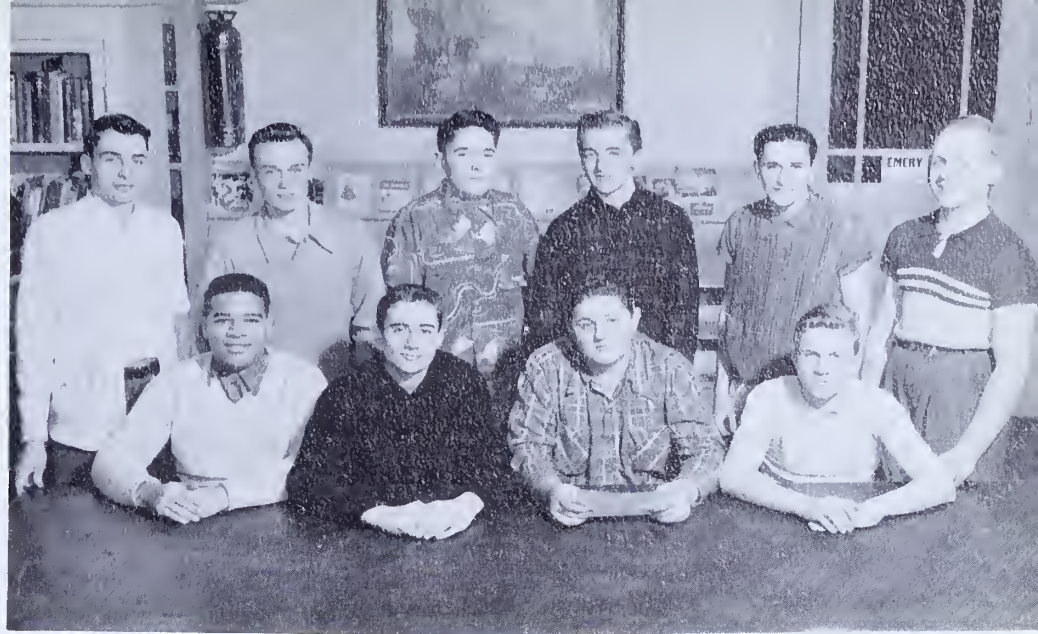


Script Block

First row, left to right: K. Warren, T. Sharman, P. Pina, G. Orton, M. Jewell, G. Hersh, R. Koenig.

Second row: D. Graves, R. Ward, B. Guilbert, F. Amorsen, P. Gliebe, S. Heide, A. Ghiorzi, B. Myers.

Not shown: W. Struthers



Fall Board of Control

First row, left to right: D. Graves, B. Guilbert, A. Ghiorzi, A. Emery.

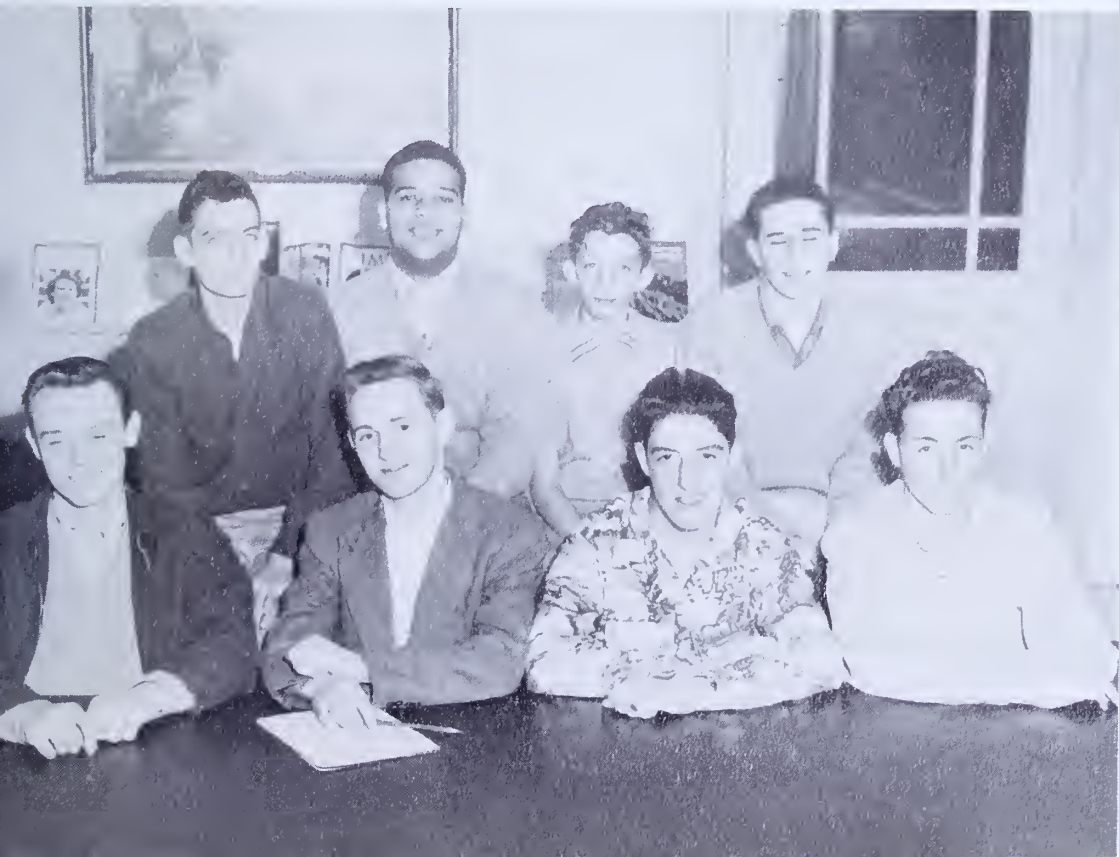
Second row: P. Gliebe, R. Ward, W. Struthers, K. McDonald, F. Chiappella, R. Tiegel.

Spring Board of Control

First row, left to right: R. Ward, E. Schoenstein, P. Fetta, J. Klein.

Second row: K. Warren, D. Graves, L. Manbretti, F. Chiappella.

Not shown: W. Struthers.





Baseball Team

First row, left to right: B. Jones, R. Panelli, P. Pina, J. Cerquettini, J. Klein, T. Sharman.

Second row: C. O'Rourke, E. Hotting, D. Yerby, J. Cavellero, J. Sans, C. Manning.

Third row: R. Ferronato, N. Stewart, G. Lanum, A. Ghiorzi, D. Caimotto, S. Pudlo.

#



James Lick

James Lick

James Lick was born on August 25, 1796, in the town of Sumpstown, now known as Fredericksburg, in Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. Lick's father taught him the cabinet-making trade, which was to be the foundation of his fortune. In his early manhood, Lick was involved in an unfortunate love affair. When Lick asked the girl's father for her hand, he was told that he could not marry the girl until he had a mill the equal of or larger than the girl's father's. Following this refusal, Lick set out for Boston. He remained in Boston for about three years learning the piano-making trade.

Lick then went to New York, where he started making pianos on his own. Lick was a very shrewd businessman and, upon hearing that most of his pianos were being sent to Buenos Aires, saw a chance to make real money. He took his small savings and bought some merchandise which he sold in Buenos Aires at tremendous profit. With the money that he made from his trading Lick bought a factory and proceeded to make pianos. Lick stayed in Argentina until a revolution forced him to move to Chile.

From Chile Lick went to the sleepy little town of Yerba Buena (San Francisco), taking with him his tools, workbench, and the equivalent of \$30,000 in Peruvian doubloons. He landed in San Francisco on January 17, 1848, just seventeen days before James Marshall discovered gold. Lick found that he had arrived at a time when there was little business being transacted, let alone a market for pianos. So he turned his interests to real estate. He was impressed by the wonderful harbor, and he had the vision to foresee the area's certain development, while most minds were enveloped with thoughts of the gold in the hills and valleys beyond.

The story of Lick's fortune spread quickly, and as he trod the sand dunes and hills, he was pursued by a growing number of land-poor owners, who sought to sell their holdings at give-away prices. But Lick ignored all until, as his imagination pictured the inevitable growth of the great seaport, he was satisfied with what he thought would be the direction and extent of that growth.

Then he began to buy, shrewdly spotting and spreading his investments. When news of the gold strike reached San Francisco in May, and land-owners scrambled to liquidate and join in the rush, Lick bought as fast as land was offered.

Lick found it necessary to invest less than \$10,000. By the end of the same year, his now extensive holdings were worth more than a million dollars.

Lick seemed to remember the miller's challenge made back in Frederickberg, for he bought land near San Jose and built on it the largest and best equipped mill in the world at that time. Lick did a great deal to develop San Jose and the Santa Clara Valley, as it was he who first introduced the use of bone meal for a fertilizer. He also did much for the fruit industry which flourishes there now.

In 1873, Lick realized that he must get ready to die. His main thought was to arrange for the orderly disposal of his wealth.

On June 2, 1874, a trust deed was executed, and James Lick signed over to certain charities all his properties, his entire fortune. However, this first Board of Trustees did not act quickly enough to satisfy Lick. He discharged them and appointed another board, which subsequently fulfilled the conditions of the trust.

The bequests of the trust, before its dissolution, were as follows:

Lick Observatory	\$ 700,000
Protestant Orphan Asylum.....	25,000
Ladies' Protestant Relief Society.....	25,000
San Jose Orphans.....	25,000
Mechanics' Institute	10,000
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.....	10,000
Public Baths	150,000
Old Ladies' Home.....	100,000
Francis Scott Key Monument.....	60,000
Historical Statue	100,000
California School of Mechanical Arts.....	540,000
Family Monuments	46,000
John H. Lick and collateral heirs.....	535,000
Society of California Pioneers Its share in residue of estate.....	604,645
TOTAL.....	\$2,930,645

Some time before his death on October 1, 1876, it had been suggested to Lick that he might be interred within the great observatory which his money was to build. Lick had made no answer, but it was understood that this was to be done; and on January 9, 1887, Lick's body was placed beneath the cement slab on which the great telescope was erected.

Robert Ruffner

'53-J

J. C. Wilmerding

Jillis Clute Wilmerding was born in April of 1833 in Livingston County, New York. Wilmerding's father was a rather wealthy merchant, and he saw to it that his son learned the mercantiling business and that he had a good education. In his later life, it was his knowledge of the mercantiling business that made for Wilmerding his fortune.

Wilmerding, at the age of fifteen, went to New York City to set himself up in business, but, on arriving there, he heard of the discovery of gold in California, and seeing in this a chance to make some money, Wilmerding loaded his merchandise on the schooner *Samuel M. Fox* and set sail for San Francisco.

Wilmerding, being very young, did not make very much money, but he managed to save enough to start himself off as a prospector. For the next two years, Wilmerding prospected in the summer and returned to mercantiling in the winter.

Still in San Francisco in 1853, Wilmerding joined in partnership with C. F. Fargo to form the Commercial Emporium. This was really the start of Wilmerding's fortune.

Wilmerding was one of the most influential members of the famous Second Vigilante Committee of 1856. The records of the Society of California Pioneers show him to be a life member and one of its directors in 1871 and 1872. The records of the Bank of California show Wilmerding to have been one of its directors from 1879 to 1890.

In the late eighties, Wilmerding formed a partnership with John T. Haviland, operating the firm under the name *J. C. Wilmerding & Company*. In 1891, Wilmerding went to New York, where he was part of the firm of *Wilmerding, Houquett & Company*. In January of 1894, Wilmerding returned to San Francisco, where he died on February 20, 1894.

Wilmerding was married but, as far as can be determined, had no other family. However, it was reputed that he was very fond of boys and often gave to the youth of San Francisco the benefit of his advice and counsel. It is believed that Wilmerding's



Resoli

207 FIFTH AVE. N. Y.

J. C. Wilmerding

own inaptitude with tools and building materials was the basis of his generosity and the manner in which he endowed the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts.

In the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* of February 21, 1894, appears under vital statistics the following item:

"Jillis Clute Wilmerding * * * Age 61 * * * died on the 20th day of February, 1894, at his home at 1506 Pine Street * * * of Apoplexy * * * The remains will be sent East for burial."

Here ended the life of J. C. Wilmerding, a rather difficult life, to be sure, but still a life that was beneficial to youths who had the desire to work with their hands. For when Wilmerding's will came to light, the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts was born.

The Sixth Clause of Wilmerding's will created the School in the following manner:

"I give, devise, and bequeath to the Regents of the University of California, the sum of four hundred thousand dollars, upon the following trusts and conditions, to wit:—

"To establish and maintain a school to teach boys trades, fitting them to make a living with their hands, with little study and plenty of work.

"Said Regents are empowered to purchase lands and erect thereon suitable workshops and places of instruction, and to equip the same with such machinery, tools, and implements as in their judgment may be necessary and proper; but I suggest to them that the expenditure for the purchase of said lands, and the construction of said workshops and places of instruction, be kept within such bounds as that a portion of said four hundred thousand dollars thereafter remaining shall be able to produce an income sufficient to forever maintain and support said school.

"Said regents are authorized to invest the portion of said funds which shall remain after the purchase of said land and the erection of said workshops and places of instruction, in bonds, mortgages, or other interest-bearing securities, but no portion of said fund, or the income which may be derived therefrom, shall be used or diverted to any purpose other than for the support and maintenance of said school; the name of the school to be Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts."

Robert Ruffner

'53-J



Championship Lick Football Team of 1904

The California School of Mechanical Arts and The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts

The California School of Mechanical Arts is the outcome of the deed of trust arranged for by James Lick, who had begun to work in trades when still very young and who realized that there were many youths who were in the same position as he had been, but without the training which had been his. Mr. Lick founded the school in the fourteenth clause of his will in the following manner:

"Fourteenth—And in further trust, to found and endow at a cost of five hundred and forty thousand dollars (\$540,000) an institution to be called "The California School of Mechanical Arts," the object and purpose of which shall be to educate males and females in the practical arts of life, such as working in wood, iron, and stone, or any of the metals, and in whatever industry intelligent mechanical skill now is or can hereafter be applied; such institution to be open to all youths born in California. The institution shall be founded and endowed under the direction of said Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, Horace Davis, A. S. Hallidie, John Oscar Eldridge, John O. Earl, and Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, and the survivors of them, who are required to acquire the site thereof, and to form a corporation, the only corporators being themselves; to own, control, and manage the said institution, the members of said corporation never to exceed seven, and vacancies in the membership to be filled from time to time by the survivors."

The execution of this particular portion of the trust was delayed by prolonged litigation, and it was not until January 3, 1895, that the buildings were completed and the school formally established.

There were no changes in the work of the school until the opening of The Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts in January of 1900. This new school was established on a block of land adjacent to the Lick School, with a view to having the two schools supplement each other and cooperate as far as possible. Both of the schools are now under the same director, Arthur Wynne, and form the Lick and Wilmerding School. The Lick School having made provision for a series of machinery trades, it



Wilmerding School in 1900

Old Lick Building shows in left corner of picture.

was decided to have The Wilmerding School emphasize the building trades. The Wilmerding School was to limit instruction to work for future tradesmen while the Lick School was to offer a College Preparatory course in conjunction with work in the various trades. In the choice of studies and trades students were given great freedom of exchange between the two schools. However, this plan was found to work a hardship in some cases, largely because the division lines between the two schools were rather exceptional.

Beginning January 1, 1915, there was put into effect a plan whereby all boys admitted were to be enrolled concurrently in both schools, and upon graduation, each boy would be granted a diploma jointly in the names of both schools.

In the summer of 1906, the block of land between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets and Utah was purchased as a future site for the school.

In 1911, when Miranda W. Lux passed away, she left an endowment for the promotion of industrial education. In March, 1912, the Lux trustees purchased one-third of a block and constructed thereon a building on which to maintain the Lux School of Industrial Training for Girls.

The late Frederick B. Ginn bequeathed a sum of approximately twenty thousand dollars for the care and maintenance of boys from the Protestant Orphan Asylum of San Francisco in attendance at the Lick and Wilmerding schools. Mrs. Ginn added enough to more than double the original bequest, making it possible to extend equal aid to other homeless boys. Originally, the beneficiaries under the fund were cared for in a home that was built by a citizen of San Francisco for the purpose of befriending these and other boys; however, a year later a building was constructed and is still maintained for that purpose. It is called "Ginn House."

The latest and most modern addition to the school buildings is Patrick Noble Auditorium. With the proposed new buildings and site it will probably be the last school building constructed on the present location.

Robert Ruffner

52-J

The School Buildings in 1946



THE 17th ST. BUILDING

LUX COLLEGE

THE WILMERDING BUILDING

THE OLD 17th ST. BUILDING

The James Lick Freeway

Almost seventy years after the death of James Lick, the people of California have at long last decided to pay a tribute to the man who did so much for his adopted state. In the late nineteenth century James Lick gave for educational purposes generous endowments which helped to establish one of the country's first and foremost technical high schools and trade schools—The Lick and Wilmerding Schools. Because of James Lick's far-reaching, far-seeing and unselfish bequests, thousands of men and women have had the opportunity to graduate from the Schools with a "sound, practical education to carry forth and add to California's economic, industrial, agricultural, scientific, educational, cultural, and commercial development."

At the fifty-fifth Lick reunion (an occasion much enjoyed by the alumni for its renewal of old friendships and fond memories) a group of former students headed and inspired by Arthur W. Wynne, the present director of our school, proposed to commemorate and honor James Lick by naming a portion of a new freeway leading south from San Francisco the "James Lick Memorial Freeway."

Robert Ashton Gardiner of Sacramento, class of 1909, played a large part in lobbying for the

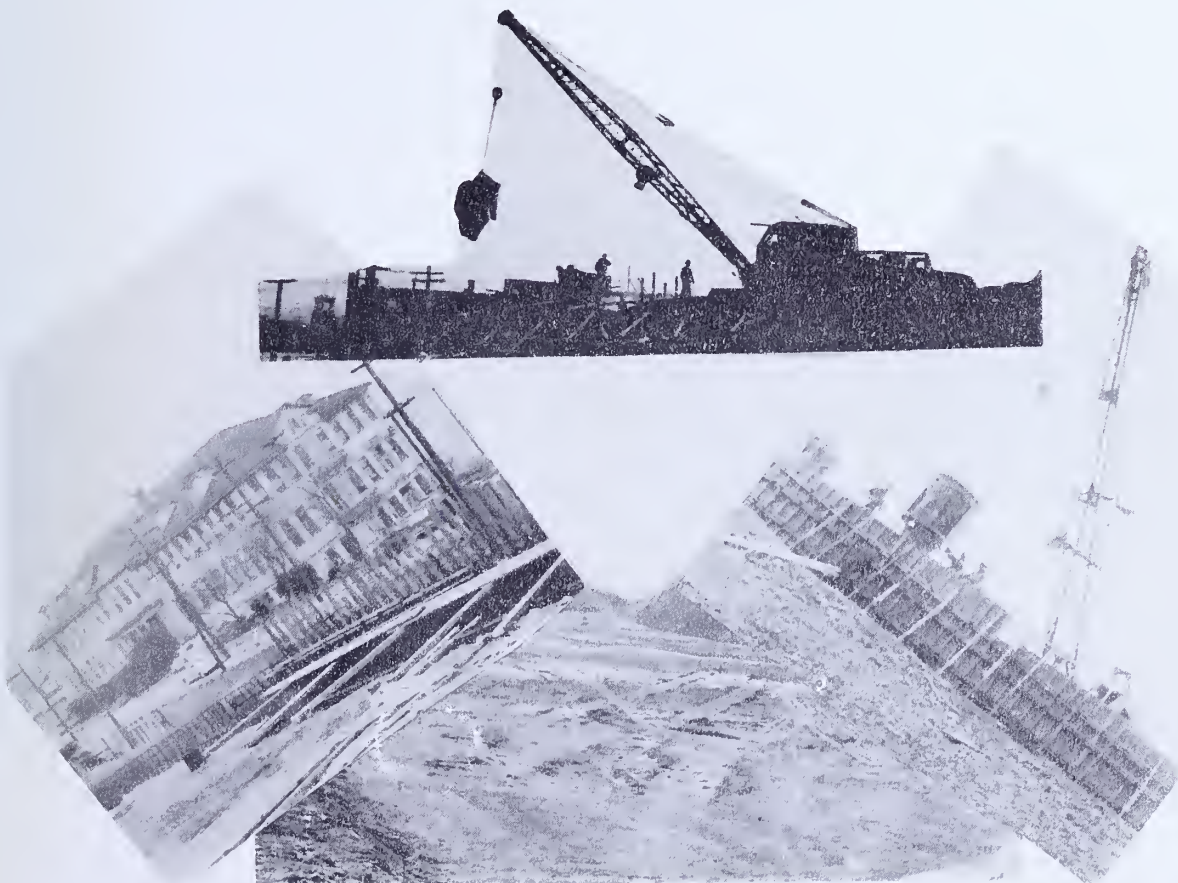
measure in the California Legislature. He worked with State Assemblyman Thomas Maloney of San Francisco, who sponsored the Assembly Concurrent Resolution No. 37, relative to naming of the freeway, and to whom much credit must go for the success of the project.

Many alumni and friends of the schools took a very active part writing to their State Assemblymen and Senators. Finally, the Freeway bill was brought before the State Legislature and was unanimously passed by the Lower House May 1, 1951, and by the Senate on May 14th.

The James Lick Memorial Freeway will be that part of the new peninsula freeway located in San Francisco County and will connect the Bay Bridge with the Bayshore Freeway in San Mateo County. The overhead section of the freeway will pass directly by the school property.

All those who appreciate what James Lick has done to foster the education of young men and women are happy to know that a fitting memorial will honor his name and deeds.

Paul Gliebe
52-J



Room and Board

"Ah . . . Pardon me, sir. Albert Peabody is my name. I'm new here. I was wondering if you might care to show me around. I'm afraid I don't quite get the knack of this place."

"Sure, sure, pal. I know how it is. You're new here. Everyone is when they first join up. What made you join up, anyway? Thought you'd get a thrill out of being one of us? Don't worry, pal. You won't regret it."

"Well, I'm not quite certain yet. You see, a friend of mine introduced me into this organization. I really don't know much about these things. I"

"That's O.K., pal! Like I sez, you're new. But you'll catch on. We're really quite a bunch when you get to know us. O' course, it's a bit hard to 'make the changes at first, but what th' heck! Everything takes time, pal. Sure it's gonna be a little tough to change your sleeping hours, but you'll learn. You wait and see. And the parties! All night long! Guys like us couldn't ask for any more. And the food. The food is right out of this world. I'm telling you, pal, you ain't tasted anything like it. You get the hang of the place and take your cues from me and you're in, but good."

"Well, yes, I think I see, but what is the length of membership? How long must I?"

"Membership? What membership, pal? You're in for keeps. You're one of us as long as you live."

"As long as I live? Oh, my goodness! I never anticipated it would be quite like this! What if a member wished to resign? What if I suddenly became tired of it? Couldn't I?"

"Tired of it? Are you kidding? No one gets tired of this kind of life."

"Well, I'm not quite sure, sir. It's all so terribly new to me."

"Sure it is. But don't let it worry you, pal. We'll take care of all those miscellaneous things tomorrow evening. First, you'd better get yourself a good day's sleep. Let's see. Max got the stake last week. You can have his bunk. Seventh coffin from the end."

David Breen

'52-J

Peace

It was they coming down the dock toward him to where he stood near the last piling. Yes—they had finally found him.

It was dark; the moon was hidden behind many clouds, and a gentle sea breeze blew in from the ocean, penetrating his thin, dirty clothing.

Yes, at last, after all these months of being unsure, of dreading what he might do next, he would be free and have peace, which for so long had been absent in his life. He could see them now—one, two, three—more? It was funny and almost unbelievable that he should be standing here on this dock doing nothing—just waiting for them.

It had been so long since it started. It was hard to remember why or how it started, but all he knew was that ever since the night that his wife had laughed at his twisted and distorted face and then run out on him and never returned, something in his mind had snapped. It seemed to him that a driving force within his mind urged him to seek her out and destroy her, but in a large city with so many people this task took on gigantic proportions. Under these circumstances, he had made so many mistakes, but he had to find her; even if those other women did resemble her, it was their fault, not his!

Yes—four of them, all in white—they were not certain of him, for they were separating, circling as on a wild beast in the jungle, but wasn't that what he amounted to?

Yes, peace would be his now, for they had found him just at the right time as he had found her just a few minutes before. Now he could go back to the big white building knowing that something within him had been satisfied. He could have peace always, for he had shown them. Yes, no one would laugh at him any more!!!!

Paul Glibe
'52-J

The Attack

It was a golden autumn morning, and the red leaves were on the ground. Silently as panthers, the regiment of red coats moved through the brown brush.

Fifty yards, twenty-five yards, closer the red coats came. Their presence was yet undetected. Suddenly an excited cry was heard within the fort. They had been discovered! Up they charged like warriors of long ago. Rifles barked, and blood flowed freely. On they struggled, fighting, dying, as men before them had.

Inside the fort men were loading like lightning, ready to hold off the invaders. Now and then a man dropped, red blood splotches on his doeskin jacket.

From the golden, clear, crisp autumn morning, to the dismal and grey evening, both sides fought like tigers.

Suddenly, there was silence. Inside the fort men were dead, dying, and exhausted. Outside, on the ground, was a sea of red coats matched to the red earth that had once been brown.

Gene Le Rose
'54-J

Lick-Wilmerding In 1975

One afternoon after an exhausting day of school, while riding home on a plush Muni-system bus, I fell into a restless slumber. I dreamed that I was in the year 1975. I was ready to send my son to high school. My first thought was Lick-Wilmerding, so I decided to go back to see what the conditions were. I was amazed as I drove to the old Lick-Wilmerding location.

Lick-Wilmerding covered the entire area between Mission and the old four-lane freeway. And each building, including a 100,000-capacity football coliseum, was ultra-modern in design. The doorman at the administration building opened the door of my car and had a detention boy to park it. He then showed me to the elevators. At the fifteenth floor, the receptionist showed me into a waiting room. After a short time I found myself speaking with the principal. He invited me to go on a school tour that left every ten minutes. The tour included free meals and transportation. Upon learning that I was an alumnus, he said that I might find Lick somewhat changed. That was some understatement. The old school was now even co-educational, with a ratio of six girls to every boy.

After leaving the jet bus at Mission, the party started into the building with an odd odor of perfume prevailing about its alabaster walls. It must have been the chemistry building because of several explosions that rocked the building. Then I wandered into a low building with many intricate TV, radar, and radio aerials looming fifty to seventy-five feet above the roof. I learned from a student that it was the foremost high school electronic laboratory in the nation. It had been the first to pick up a Martian TV station. In the machine shop, I found that the students were pouring glass for a new four-hundred-inch mirror for the telescope on top of Twin Peaks. They were also machining the engine for an atomic rocket, plus working on many other small, similar projects. From the electronics building, I went into the plastic shop next door. (Evidently the wood shop had been replaced in view of the great demand for plastic articles.) As I left the plastic shop, I saw a huge six-story building with "Quiet, please" signs all around. Inside each class, I found sponge cushioned chairs. Quiet music playing at first led me to believe that this was the music class. But, no. I awakened a student and discovered that it was a class in "the art of sleeping in class without being detected," and thereupon the student told me a boy named Wetherford was getting straight A's (it must have been his son).

Lick Wilmerding In 1975

"Bob's" was still there. But to keep up with the times it had expanded into an ultra-modern drive-in grocery, with classroom deliveries. Adjacent to Bob's was the huge drafting building. And there the term's project was the designing of a one-pier, six-mile suspension bridge soon to replace the obsolete bay bridge. In the surveying department, I spoke with a student who had gone on that famous Antarctic expedition under the school's supervision.

I wandered into the stadium and saw a football game in progress. It was between U. S. F. and Lick-Wilmerding. Lick-Wilmerding was ahead 52 to 3 in the second quarter. I learned that McCall and Kazmaier were the coaches. Their big game of the year was with the University of California. Last year, they had won for the fifth time in a row for a total of 58 straight victories.

Where the Seals Stadium had once been, there was a huge 25,000 capacity school parking lot, where the students parked their rockets, slopsosonic Fords and Cadillacs.

Finally, I came to the history sections, where the original school still stood as the archives. As I turned around to return, I noticed a student who was cutting school. I asked him about the extra-curricular activities. He said the foremost bands of the nation played for the dances. Also, he mentioned that only millionaires were members of the Board of Regents, and the President of the United States was an honorary member. The budget for 1974 ran into nine digits. One out of every five buildings in San Francisco was either leased or owned by Lick. Every school in California was now a subsidiary of the new Lick Wilmerding. Its corporate holdings were second only to Stanford of California.

The student kindly offered to drive me back to the main office. We were cruising along at about 250 miles per hour (the new city speed limit—too many accidents had occurred at the old limit of 300 mph.) in last year's souped-up model when he jammed on the turboisoframic brakes. I must have blacked out, for when I opened my drooping eyelids, I saw an elderly woman hovering over me with that "I want your seat" look in her eyes.

Reality hit me in the face, but now—I wonder what Lick will look like in 1975?

Fear

"I can't do that!!!!"

"Yes, you'll have to!!!!"

"No, I can't."

I stood there and argued. Some people think that, if you argue with yourself, you're crazy, but it's not true. I'm not crazy, and I argue with myself all the time. Not about just anything, but things which play an important part in a person's life.

You see, here I am, on a dark, cold, and foggy morning, standing on a street corner, arguing with myself about a matter which frightens me extremely.

There is no one around; I'm all alone—arguing. As I said before, I'm not crazy; it's just that—Oh, no!!!!

Here it comes; I can hear it roaring down the foggy street. I know it's now or never. I reach my hand into my pocket and wrap my nervous fingers around the object of my fear. Yes, it's still there, nice and smooth and new.

Now I see the headlights. The bus stops in front of me. The door opens; I start slowly to withdraw my hand from my pocket. The bus driver looks at me. I look back with guilt on my face. I can feel my face getting warm and red.

The driver gives me a look of impatience which, when he sees what I have in my hand, slowly turns to a look of scorn. This is what I was afraid of. His face grows a deep frown.

With the last bit of bravery I have in my soul, I do it. I hand him the blasted FIVE DOLLAR BILL.

George Browne

'53-J

Plasma

Mike and I walked into "Bob's" before school on that Tuesday morning of February 4, 1953, and naturally talked about the length of the last night's air raid alert.

Mike said, "My kid sister always insists we go down to the basement and hide under the stairs. Ha, ha, we'll die of fatigue from running the stairs before any atom bomb'll get us."

Our conversation was interrupted by someone yelling, "Here comes Mr. Berlin."

Mr. Berlin walked in, made a purchase and started to walk out, but stopped and asked us if we had had an air raid on this side of the bay last night. We told him yes and that it had been a long one. The soft "purr" of the school bell in the distance came. We fellows strolled across 17th Street and up the stairs to our different classes. Mike and I had physics the first period.

As Mr. Britton was describing the method of finding the square root of a number on his slide rule, the familiar sound of low-flying jets was heard. He raised his voice louder, but the third sound joined in; it was the loud blare of the school air raid alarm. The class got to their feet and walked down the stairs to the locker room. We could hear the other classes pounding down the stairs. I was talking to Mike about how I had made out on last night's double-date. Then Mr. Wynne came in and said for us to be quiet and shuffled us around a bit. As usual, woodshop didn't even know there was an alert until someone opened the door and told them. Mr. Sparrowe was mumbling, "Why don't they have bells you can hear in this school?" Then the rolling sound of more low-flying jets came to our ears. Without being told, the kids all quieted down. In the distance, a quick series of sounds could be heard.

The game was over; straight faces replaced giggling ones, cocked ears were all hearing it—more and more popping sounds near and far. We all knew it was our A.A. guns. Some of the fellows crouched against their lockers. Then, suddenly, the room flashed a blinding white. I clenched the slide rule that was still in my hand. Then, as if all of Newton's laws were disobeyed, everything broke loose. Plaster,

glass, lathes, locker doors, and bodies went rolling and flying around as if in a juggler. In the background of the screaming, a stupendous roar, as if the god of sound himself had gone berserk, came to my ears.

When it diminished, I opened my eyes. There was blackness; a great weight was across my leg; a warm liquid was soaking through my hair. I wiped my eyes and was relieved to find that it was just plaster and dust and not blindness. I squinted through my running eyes and saw a ghastly sight. I was one body among many lying in grotesque positions. The ceiling had collapsed in the center, and instead of a room, it looked like a tunnel in a coal mine. I struggled to get to my feet, but saw that a huge 2 by 6 had nailed me well to the body-strewn floor. I ran my fingers through my hair and was shaken with fear when I saw that the warm liquid was my red blood. I don't remember too well, but I screamed and shook my arms and head and went sort of crazy.

Suddenly, a strong hand grabbed my head and held it; it was a live boy. He was tugging and grunting at the joist that had me trapped. Then my senses came back, I guess, because I remember asking him, "Are we the only ones alive in here?" He didn't answer, but placed a shattered beam under a joist and lifted it. I tried to move my leg out, but the muscles didn't respond; then he lifted it out and, as it dropped, I had a strange feeling, as if it didn't belong to me. He dragged me, lifted and tugged me over the kids that just a few seconds ago had been alive. Somehow, we got to that door that once led to the schoolyard. The room was turning pale orange through the dust, and the crackle of fire was heard. He dragged me viciously across the debris-covered yard to a fairly clear spot. He knelt over me, and as I lay on my back, staring at the huge pillar of smoke and death—the "Bomb," I thanked God that I wasn't dead—then everything went blank.

Tonight is the third night I'm spending in this tent in the Golden Gate Park. The flames of the burning city light the night like a sunset. My leg is gone, and a heavy bandage is wrapped around my head. Beside me on cots lie folks like me. Nurses are rushing around, and the cry of a nurse saying, "Plasma here," is common.

Strange now how those pleas for blood donations back a few years ago make sense now.

Edward Schoenstein

'53-X

Conscience

The sun rose, spreading its rays of sunlight outward through the valley, and with the sunrise came the twittering of the birds. To George Jackson, the sunrise meant another day of tiresome and monotonous chores on the stock ranch. It seemed to George that ever since time began, he had awakened into a world of dull living and routine toil. As he lay in the feather-bed, he watched the sunlight play and dance on the frosty windowpanes. He wondered if there was ever to be any new excitement. Gradually, his thoughts wandered into the past, to the time when man searched for adventure, slaying the mighty dragons and saving the lives of beautiful princesses.

George suddenly awoke, realizing his father was calling him to get up and do the morning chores. He realized that the day was Sunday and, flinging aside the covers, he began to dress hurriedly, hoping to complete the work early. He had planned to ask his father for the money to buy gasoline for the battered, old Model T. Always in his mind was the urge to ride away from the ranch into the cool mountains, where he could rest and dream peacefully. He enjoyed sitting on the hills, dreaming himself a king, and that below were his subjects.

After finishing his work, George hastily washed his hands and sat at the table for breakfast. His father and mother had already eaten and were waiting for him. George ate slowly, trying to think of a way he could ask his father for the money. He did not want to ask his father directly for the money, because he knew it would annoy him. George knew of his father's attitude toward spending for unnecessary things.

Soon he finished breakfast and finding nothing to say, nor the courage to say it, he began to play nervously with the utensils. Aroused by the tinkling, his father put down the newspaper and asked what he wanted. With the last of his courage fleeing, George politely asked for the money. His father winced, and George knew he would have trouble getting the money. First his father said he was not spending money on foolish things and that he needed the money for more important matters. George countered with an explanation of the planning and hoping for this ride. His father replied that if George wanted the ride, he could go find his own way. The boy, by this time, became determined that if his father would not help him, he

would find a way of his own. Angrily, he pushed back the chair, picked up his hat, and walked through the front door, slamming it loudly behind him.

The boy pondered over the situation. He needed the gasoline for his car, so he began to think of some way to get it. An idea suddenly came to him, but he was afraid of it. He was thinking of the county road grader standing near the road only a short distance from the house. It would be an easy job to siphon the gasoline from its tanks. Nobody would be suspicious of his being near the grader, because boys were always playing on it. The idea bothered him, for he did not want to steal the gasoline. He had never stolen before; true, he had taken fruit from his neighbors' orchards, but that was not considered stealing. However, determined to go on the ride, he sauntered casually down to the road grader and siphoned the gasoline. With the same casual manner, he walked back to his car, which was parked behind the barn. There George, by now feeling unhappy about what he had done, poured the fuel into the tank and slowly drove out of the yard onto the highway, afraid that his father might stop him and ask where he got the gasoline.

When George got back from his ride, his conscience was bothering him; he had not enjoyed the ride half as much as he had thought he would. He told his father what he had done, and by his quietness, George knew that he had hurt him.

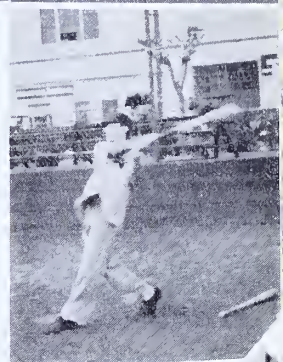
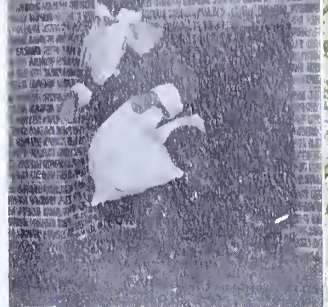
Even though his father did not talk about it after that, George knew he'd never steal again.

Semenoff

'54-J

Calendar - - Fall Term

- Sept. 11 Many sighs heard as school starts.
- Sept. 21 Founders Day
- Sept. 28 Board of Control
- Oct. 9 World Series coast to coast. Many absent.
- Oct. 10 World Series on Ken Warren's T.V. set during lunch. Absent return.
- Oct. 12 Columbus Day - students discover holiday.
- Oct. 15 Yanks win World Series again.
- Oct. 16 Drama Class goes to see "Carmen" to compare with L.W. version.
- Oct. 19 Rally-Mr. Tibbetts displays hidden talent for acting.
- Oct. 24 Who says "It ain't gonna rain no more."
- Nov. 16 Dance - Big Success ?????????????????????
- Nov. 25 Thanksgiving
- Nov. 29 "Anybody want a turkey sandwich?"
- Dec. 7 Big party held in auditorium.
- Dec. 14 Christmas Rally - Santa Claus makes quite a showing.
- Jan. 2 Mr. Britton is seen wearing one of the seven ties he received for Christmas.
- Jan. 15 Nomination Rally - for President: Gleibe, Schoenstein; Veep: Heide, Koenig, Shaman; Secretary-Treasurer: Warren, Emery; Sports Manager: Pina; an initiative measure: "Should the school paper be continued?"
- Jan. 22 Election - Results. President: Schoenstein; Vice- President: Shaman; Secretary-Treasurer: Warren; Sports Manager: Pina; The schoolpaper continues.
- Jan. 24 Students reading school books! Abnormal phenomenon? Finals coming.
- Jan. 25 Rally - circus theme. More clowns in audience.



Calendar -- Spring Semester

- Feb. 4 Spring Term begins
- Feb. 7 Class Meeting. Officers nominated.
- Feb. 8 Election of class officers.
- Feb. 11 Believe It or Not -- No School Today.
- Feb. 12 Lincoln's Birthday.
- Feb. 15 Board of Control
- Feb. 19 Movies (Almost old enough for T.V.)
- Feb. 22 Washington's Birthday.
- Feb. 28 Melodrama presented by Drama Class. Such talent!?
- Feb. 29 Lick-Wilmerding Dance. Such elaborate decoration!
- March 18 Trip to Standard Oil
- March 21 Rally.
- March 25 Movies.
- March 28 Lick-Wilmerding Dance.
- April 1 Movie.
- April 3 Board of Control
- April 4 End of quarter. Beginning of finals.
- April 6 Easter vacation begins.
- April 14 Easter vacation ends.
- April 25 Rally.
- May 1 Board of Control
- May 9 Lick-Wilmerding Dance.
- May 16 Open House. Parents talk to teachers.
- May 24 Junior and Senior Dance.
- May 27 Nomination of Student Body Officers.
- May 30 At Last - A Holiday.
- June 3 Election of Student Body Officers.
- June 6 Exams -- ouch.
- June 9 More Exams.
- June 10 Not Again!
- June 13 Graduation - and Friday the 13th at that.





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